

CHRISTIAN COURIER

A Reformed Weekly

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Calgary cathedral to be given 'servant power'

Gordon Legge

CALGARY — Calgary's historic Anglican cathedral in the heart of downtown Calgary is being revitalized as a place to nurture the soul of the city.

Late last year, the Anglican Diocese of Calgary approved a taskforce recommendation that calls for the Cathedral Church of the Redeemer, located at 7th Ave. and 1st St. S.E. along the LRT line, to expand its role both within the denomination and the broader community.

Sometime yet this summer or in the early fall, the cathedral will begin a major \$2 million fundraising campaign to improve the historic site, which was built in 1905. Additional staff and office space will be provided, run by a substantial volunteer core.

It's a move that's being welcomed by community leaders. "We're very supportive of what the cathedral is doing," says alderman Bob Hawkesworth.

"It's had a long history and has grown up with the city," he says. "I think it would be a shame to see it whither away."

The cathedral's presence is often overshadowed by the commerce and high rise office towers surrounding it, he said. "I'm delighted with the leadership ... who are bringing a broader vision to the congregation. I think the message is of relevance to anybody who lives and works downtown."

"It could strengthen the links with people who want to be reconnected with the spiritual dimension, if this vision takes hold and the cathedral is successful in its plans," said the longtime Calgary politician.

Connections in inner city

"The key role of a cathedral is a connector or convener," says dean and rector Rev. Robert Pynn, who toured a variety of major church centres throughout

See CATHEDRAL page 2...



The Cathedral Church of the Redeemer in Calgary.

Northern life challenging for Christian nurse

Alan Doerksen

POPLAR HILL, Ont. — Flying into a tiny northern community in a pontoon plane is an unusual way to get to work. But for Cora Hunse, it is a way of life.

Hunse works as a nurse in Poplar Hill and Pikangikum, two small towns in northwestern Ontario, not far from the Manitoba border. No roads or railways connect these towns, so the only way to get in is by flying in by four-seater pontoon plane. "For a woman who doesn't like heights, it's pretty terrifying," admits Hunse.



Cora Hunse

Since February, Hunse has been working in these two

communities, after graduating from a nurse practitioner program last August. Although she does not feel a special calling to work up north, she says, "I wanted to learn first-hand about First Nations people and their problems."

Hunse describes Poplar Hill and Pikangikum as "very hard communities," but sees that as "quite a challenge."

'Us against them'

Getting to know the native Canadian residents is difficult, Hunse acknowledges. "They're quite a closed community. The

history of white against native people and the turnover of nurses is not conducive to forming relationships. I think it takes a long time before we develop trust here. Nurses represent the federal government. It's very much 'us against them.'"

But Hunse has met fellow Christians among the native people and among her colleagues. She has visited local churches, but services are all in the Ojibwa language. "The only services here are Full Gospel or Apostolic," she says. "They have a very charismatic bent."

At one church she visited, the

pastor translated part of his message into English, probably for her benefit. Services Hunse has attended in the northern communities are quite a contrast to the quieter Christian Reformed services she is used to. Hunse grew up in the Christian Reformed Church and comes from St. Catharines, Ont.

Earlier this year, Hunse became friends with another Christian nurse and Christian teachers, and they would get together sometimes for Bible studies. But during the summer, the others are away.

See NURSE page 2...



Tom Hanks

Steven Spielberg makes another serious, powerful film set in WWII p. 7

'Golden years': not for all of us here on earth, but waiting for us in heaven. A poignant story.....p.10

A fictional tale based on Dutch historical records p. 13



News

Cathedral draws on ancient tradition, contemporary wisdom

... continued from page 1

the United States during the 1970s.

At the time, Pynn was in Vancouver working with Canon Herbert O'Driscoll, another former Calgary rector. They used those lessons to help transform Christ Church Cathedral into an active downtown centre in Vancouver.

Now he's applying them again to make the striking sandstone cathedral a vibrant Christian presence in downtown Calgary, a place where all Calgarians can connect, fostered by a foundation of spirituality.

A cathedral derives its designation from the bishop's "cathedral" (throne or chair) which resides within it. That chair is both a concrete object and a profound symbol, Pynn says. "It is the 'seat' of ecclesiastical and

public celebration and cultural life. It is also the 'seat' of authoritative teaching and social and moral advocacy."

Besides alluding to the Cross, the building's cruciform shape speaks of a place of intersection and connection at the heart of the city, says Pynn.

"In this postmodern era, the cathedral and its congregation in Calgary draws on the promise of ancient tradition in dialogue with contemporary wisdom to reinvent ourselves for the new millennium."

Fulfilling varied roles

While churches no longer hold temporal or political power, they do offer "servant power" which spends itself in caring for the soul of the city. While the cathedral can continue to be the "seat" of denominational

leadership, it fulfills a broader public role in relation to the rest of the community.

Taskforce member Wayne Stewart says the cathedral, which continues to serve its current congregation of 150, can fulfill several roles as:

- * Mother church of the Anglican diocese and the archbishop's 'seat';

- * Centre of excellence for new and varied forms of liturgy and music;

- * Community of inquiry for the exploration of new ideas and concepts in ministry and the development of clergy;

- * Place of special celebration for the community;

- * Centre of connection with government leaders and policy makers;

- * A place of respite and refuge for downtown workers

and the disenfranchised.

When Pynn arrived in 1992, he established partnerships with other groups in the downtown core, in the arts, business and municipal government community.

Feeding the hungry

During the past two years, with the help of Lorraine Melchior, director of the Calgary Urban Projects Society (CUPS) and a taskforce member, it has reached out to the city's poor and street people in new ways.

It has operated a community kitchen and established a food bank depot there. In January, it hired Anglican priest Margaret Waterchief to minister to the urban native community in downtown Calgary (see related story in this issue).

The church has held a series

of workshops, including an instructive weekend about ways of praying and sponsored a presentation at Bankers' Hall about understanding and dealing with violence in society. Moreover, it is actively involved with St. Stephen's Anglican Church in the Beltline, providing shelter for the homeless through the Inn From the Cold program.

In the Middle Ages, the great cathedrals were places to which pilgrims travelled. Now, Pynn says, cathedrals must be pilgrims themselves, reaching out into the broader community.

"Setting aside old images of imperium or self-sufficiency, the cathedral's mission is now characterized by partnerships," he says. "We are a convener of integrated, communal approaches to the critical issues and opportunities of the urban centre."

Nurse encounters northern health and social problems



PHOTOS COURTESY CORA HUNSE

A quiet sunset on Cat Lake, in northwestern Ontario.

... continued from page 1

One of the hardships is a shortage of police. Although there are a few native constables, a lot of nurses are afraid to stay in the area because of the police shortage, says Hunse.

In Poplar Hill, Hunse lives in a small bachelor apartment attached to the clinic. Living conditions are fairly simple, but Hunse says, "They're quite luxurious compared to the indigenous people."

She is able to pick up CBC television, but the local radio station broadcasts only in Ojibwa.

Food is expensive that far north because most of it must be

flown in. For instance, oranges can cost \$5 for four, and milk can cost \$4 for two litres.

Most people in the area don't have running water. "It's like being in a developing country," says Hunse. Recently, she spent two years working in the Dominican Republic, a situation she sees as being very similar to working in northern Ontario.

Acute shortage of nurses

Hunse has no time to be idle, especially during summer. "In Pikangikum, it's a nine-nurse station," she explains. "This summer, we'll be down to two or three." Because of this, she is on call all of the time.

The shortage of nurses in Poplar Hill concerned Hunse so much that she talked to the local native chief, who got in touch with Health Minister Allan Rock about the situation. As a result, Rock made stricter rules about nurses being available in the area.

The problems which affect many native communities are also evident where Hunse works. "We've had two suicides since I've been there," she reports. One day, she was called on to pronounce a teenage girl dead. The girl had hanged herself with an extension cord. Earlier, the girl had been sexually abused, and her mother had drowned.

Poplar Hill and Pikangikum are legally "dry communities," says Hunse. "If you're caught drunk or with alcohol, you're put in jail." But she notes, "I don't think it inhibits people from alcohol abuse." Some people make their own home brew from potatoes and other plants.

Hunse believes major changes are needed to the northern health system. The shortage of fresh, clean water is one problem that affects the local people's health. Also, she has seen that the rate of diabetes "is much higher than in the rest of Canada."

Partly because of these health factors, the average lifespan of local people is 10 years less than the national average. Hunse believes this is mostly due to "change from the old ways." As

natives adjust to modern Canadian life, "there's been no one to guide them in the transition of cultures," she asserts.

Whereas the people used to eat local food such as moose meat, grocery stores now stock "aisles filled with junk food," and instant food, which are not very healthy. "Diabetes is a result of poor eating habits," she states.

Tooth decay is another serious problem, which could be eased by preventative care. "This morning, two kids will have all their teeth pulled out," said Hunse sadly.

Life not all misery

But life in the North is not all misery and grief. Hunse says the natives in her area love hockey

and enjoy playing street hockey. Some parents even name their kids after hockey players. There are lots of Marios and LeMieuxs, and even one boy named Eddie Gretsky Moose.

The northern scenery is one of the positive aspects Hunse sees. "Right outside my bedroom you can see the lake; it's very beautiful," she says. When she gets time off, she enjoys mountain biking through quiet wooded places.

At this point, Hunse is considering how long she will remain in the North. "I'm praying about where God will lead me." Although she is considering possibly working in the Dominican Republic again in the future, Hunse acknowledges, "I also see the need here."



A church in Cat Lake, near Poplar Hill.

Politics/News

Putting to bed a piece of the past in Russia

Russia has finally laid to rest a piece of its own past. Last month, in a highly publicized event, the remains of the last czar of Russia and his family were finally buried in St. Petersburg 80 years to the day after they were murdered by the Bolsheviks. Although Lenin and his successors sought to portray Nicholas II as a brutal tyrant, it would be more accurate to call him incompetent. Never wishing to rule to begin with, he was plagued by one catastrophe after another, including two humiliating military defeats, two revolutions, several political assassinations and his son's perennial and life-threatening illness, hemophilia.

The last czar and the world he inhabited are now the stuff of legend, much like the doomed *Titanic* that went down only six years before his death. And like the fabled ocean liner, the imperial family is still shrouded in controversy and myth.

The most recent disagreement was over the identity of the remains themselves. Although DNA tests established this conclusively, the Russian Orthodox Church refused to accept them as such. The upper clergy of the church boycotted the funeral, although President Boris Yeltsin unexpectedly chose to attend.

Could this be another step in Russia's reconciliation after having both afflicted and endured some of the worst horrors of the 20th century?

Villains and saints

The process has not been and will not be an easy one. This is because it is all but impossible to distinguish the villains from the saints. After 70 years of living within a lie, in Vaclav Havel's words, there is scarcely anyone who has emerged into the light with clean hands. Virtually all Russians are implicated in some way in the deceptions and atrocities of the former regime. This makes it difficult to separate victims from oppressors.

Yet this is what happens when people are in the grip of an ideology. According to Havel, an ideology is "a specious way of relating to the world," riddled with tensions and



David T. Koyzis

contradictions making people behave in ways they would not otherwise.

An ideology claims to offer a sense of identity and dignity while in reality stripping people of both. It constructs a world which assimilates everyone into a pseudo-reality where slavery passes for liberty, censorship for free expression, bureaucracy for democracy, and arbitrary power for legal authority.

Repentance yet to come

This was Havel's experience in his native Czechoslovakia, and it was the experience of practically everyone else in the former Soviet bloc. This could go some way in explaining the reticence of church authorities to participate more fully in the Czar Nicholas's burial, even apart from the identity issue.

To be sure, the church itself did not murder the czar and his family. But for 70 years it collaborated with their murderers. And while many clergy lost their lives under persecution, many were also content to see the church treated as an arm of the party.

It is not insignificant that many of the current hierarchs of the church were appointed during the Soviet era and thus have some residual sympathies for the old regime. Dissident priest Father Gleb Yakunin even claimed to have uncovered evidence in 1992 that "all the bishops were full-time KGB collaborators." Even if this is an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that many church officials, like other Russians, have yet to experience genuine repentance and reconciliation.

An opportunity may have been lost at last month's funeral, but there will likely be more to come. And when they do, those doing the repenting will in many cases also be doing the forgiving.

David T. Koyzis teaches political science at Redeemer College, Ancaster, Ont., where he is sometimes known to play the balalaika in his office between classes.

Guatemalan bishop's death still unsolved

Protestant Christians also harassment targets

GUATEMALA CITY, Guatemala (Compass) — Guatemalan officials say they will investigate military officers accused of taking part in the April murder of a Catholic bishop.

Bishop Juan Jose Gerardo, 72, was killed in his garage on April 27 by a blow to the head. The murder occurred just days after Gerardo finished overseeing a human rights report assessing blame for abuses committed mainly by the military.

Two suspects have been detained, but human rights groups say officials have arrested the wrong people in their haste to find a culprit. While those close to the investigation have denied it, human rights activists and church leaders around the world have charged that the death was motivated by the bishop's involvement in uncovering abuses during Guatemala's 36-year civil war.

Meanwhile, four American

missionaries were kidnapped in the country on June 29 by heavily armed gunmen. The missionaries were taken at a remote ranch in northern Guatemala.

Their six-hour ordeal ended after a gun battle between the kidnappers and Guatemalan troops; one of the missionaries suffered minor injuries.

National Police Chief Angel Conte confirmed they were members of the Stoltzfus family, originally from the U.S. The family has lived in Guatemala for more than 25 years and has constructed a clinic and at least six churches in the region during that time.

A family member said the incident would not cause them to leave the jungles of northern Guatemala. Guerrilla soldiers battling the government robbed the family in 1984. Six years later their homes were burned by the same armed group.

Prayer day for persecuted church set for Nov. 15

SANTA ANA, Calif. (Compass) — This year's International Day of Prayer for the Persecuted Church (IDOP) has been set for November 15. Christians in over 115 countries are expected to participate, including 60,000 churches in the U.S. alone.

An IDOP Resource Kit is available from Prayer for the

Persecuted Church. The Kit contains a powerful video, a 20-page booklet, a Global Persecution Prayer Map, and information that can be reproduced for church use. The price is \$15, and can be ordered by calling 1-888-538-7772 (888-LetsPra).

The IDOP website may be visited at: www.persecutedchurch.org.



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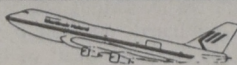
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**For our
Calendar of
Events,
please turn to
page 19**

Editorial

If curiosity killed the cat, lack of it may kill us

We hear the term "dumbing down" more and more frequently these days. There's the book by Marva Dawn which gives church leaders and members advice on *Reaching Out Without Dumbing Down* (Eerdmans, 1995). And the phrase is cropping up more often in conversation and among CC's writers. It's one of those colloquially blunt late-20th centuryisms: it refers to an appeal to the lowest common denominator; to a tendency to make things as easy as possible for all involved; to taking away the challenge because a challenge would require too much work.

Such accommodation to the path of least resistance now seems to be epidemic in our society. And as is suggested by the fact that Marva Dawn's book is addressed to church leaders and members, Christians are not exempt.

What's going on here?

Without delving into the possible religious, philosophical and social reasons (which I'm not equipped to do), there's something that strikes me. What I will call *curiosity* is, I believe, dead in the average person in our age. Where's that fervent thirst for knowledge? a happy zeal for probing things unknown? that joyful relishing of, not just facts, but learning, a word which used to carry with it the sense of gaining experience and wisdom and

of being a way of life.

Not long ago a woman of my acquaintance said to her intelligent, university-educated daughter-in-law: "I've got a novel here. You want to read it?" "Oh, no," was the matter of fact reply, "I don't read."

At the Christian Reformed Church's annual synod, observers have noted a shift towards dumbing down. "They don't really want to get into issues in terms of thinking them through with any depth," one minister noted to me. And a long-time synodical advisor told me during a synod coffee break last June, "We're increasingly seeing delegates who react with their feelings, but who don't particularly want to analyze issues. In fact, many don't know how anymore."

'Caught by the culture?'

A veteran Christian high school teacher I know has become increasingly frustrated. "The majority of my students don't want to be challenged," she says. "They tell me in so many words, 'Why are you bothering to tell us this if we don't need to give it back to you [on a test] anyway?'"

Those students do not want to take the sometimes winding path to learning, but want to be entertained and "instantly gratified," she believes. It is her view that "kids are curious till about Grade 4. Then they start disliking the teacher and school. I've seen the pattern. I don't know what happens. I think the culture catches them; it happens particularly at the beginning of adolescence, when peer pressure is a huge factor."

There are always exceptions, of course. I know a student who is always actively inquisitive, who loves every inch of God's world, and shows it. She is the kind who takes classes she doesn't "need" just because she's interested in what she will learn in them; and she buys a steady stream of books on a wide variety of subjects, and will one day read them all, simply because she's curious.

Love God, love his world

A Christian Reformed pastor who is also a board member at one of the colleges associated with the CRC, has seen that curious non-curious attitude at that college, and he is perplexed: "When we say that God reveals himself through creation, which we Reformed have always stressed, [that implies] we should be *more* interested in everything; and our view is that we 'subdue' all of this for God's glory."

I'm perplexed too. Shouldn't we Christians *all* be exceptions? Is that not our duty as part of our "cultural mandate," as the pastor said? If we have no curious interest in God's creation — the whole cosmos — and if we don't take the time to impart it to our children, it's not too harsh an indictment. I think, to call it a sin. A serious sin, with serious consequences: a continued "dumbing down" which will eventually eat away the heart of the faith, a faith which, to flourish, needs our active minds as well as our hearts.

Parents come first

"We have to create the alternative in kids before they're five years old," says the Christian high

school teacher I mentioned. And who but a child's parents must take responsibility for that (daycare notwithstanding)?

By God's grace, despite our paradise lost, we human beings still seem to be born with substantial vestiges of paradisaical curiosity, remnants of our pre-Fall thirst for reveling in every good thing God created. But it seems a rather fragile commodity, especially in a society that isn't careful to nurture it. Schools, of course, need to consider what can be done, and many would blame our school systems for blunting rather than honing children's curiosity.

But even as God our heavenly Father endowed us with curiosity, earthly parents must take first responsibility for nurturing it, laying the groundwork for a life-long love of learning, and thus, of creation. And when we passionately love the creation, it's difficult not to love the Creator.

Reading a remedy

"Young parents must read to their children, immediately; and keep them exploring the world," says a friend of mine who is the mother of six- and four-year-old boys. "If they once lose that curiosity, it's hard to get it back. Parents have to keep trying," she asserts. "And they must read themselves. Example is powerful for kids."

She's right. And she realizes that now is the time to instill a thirst for learning. Such a thirst, because it is a longing to learn about the work of God's hands, is a part of the fear of the Lord — that fear which is the beginning of knowledge and wisdom, says Proverbs (1:7), but which fools despise.

Need balance

Women, still in most cases their children's primary care-giver, are in an especially crucial position to nurture that knowledge and to instill deep and abiding faith in their children. Yet if fathers, too, are not excited about both learning and faith, their children, especially their sons, may very well not be interested, to the life-long detriment of them all.

If your children see you take up your spare time with watching TV, if your house contains no shelves with a variety of books (which are actually read), no art, no musical instruments or recordings of great music, no binoculars or bird (or flower or butterfly or tree) guides, both you and your children will be the worse for it. And contrary to an apparently growing but insidious notion, there's nothing "elitist" about museum visiting, concert going, or experiencing drama or ballet to round out other parts of life which may include seeing a hockey game, watching movies or visiting an amusement park.

Well, tomorrow night I'm going to a major league baseball game in Pittsburgh; but tonight I'll be spending with some characters I've gotten to know in a series of historical sea novels I'm reading. They'll kindly welcome me aboard their 18th century sailing ship. The hardtack we eat may be full of weevils, but the view is spectacular; and we're bound for who knows where....

Marian Van Til

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Letters

Don't let seniors' wisdom go to waste

I would agree that the mandatory retirement age of 65 is arbitrary and certainly not reflective of a person's ability and desire to continue working ("Throw away '65 and you're out," says economist," CC, July 17). However, there are two comments I would like to make in return.

In the first place, I feel that the thrust of the story appears to reflect an all too common wrong perception. We appear to derive a sense of who we are, our perceived "value" in terms of the value of our paid job, what we "produce," how much money, influence and status it projects. Just ask any of the stay-at-home moms (and dads) to speak to the personal struggle this often creates for them.

Secondly, several times the story spoke of seniors or older workers of being "a valuable resource" and "a wealth of knowledge." I would agree. But rather than seeing those attributes as a loss to the business sector on retirement they can potentially also constitute an invaluable asset to the community and society at large. For example, as director of a volunteer program for four Ottawa-

Carleton school boards in which hundreds of community volunteers participate I am continually searching for many more retirees and seniors whose life and work skills could benefit students at all grade levels. The inter-generational activity taking place in classrooms, labs and libraries, is grounded in encouragement, love, acceptance and respect.

'Valuable resource' indeed

On this foundation seniors and retirees are able to share their well-honed skills with younger generations. Former executives, retired civil servants, men and women from the business community, empty-nest homemakers, etc., have a lifetime of experience to bring as school volunteers.

In numerous individual and group activities under the direction of teachers, they work with young people who are beginning to develop skills, knowledge and interests needed to become responsible, educated citizens. This is just one out of 540 non-profit registered agencies in the Ottawa-Carleton area needing more volunteers!

These same opportunities and needs exist, of course, within our Christian school classrooms and individual students. I have observed that for many young families it is difficult to have one or both parents serve on school and church boards and committees year after year. The struggle for young elders and deacons to make all their visits and attend meetings while juggling their family responsibilities is very real, and at times comes at too great a cost. School boards, church councils, denominational boards and committees are increasingly struggling to fill their lists of nominees. What a wonderful opportunity to become involved for those who no longer have

direct parenting or work-place responsibilities. What encouragement and role-modeling for lifelong learning it would be for the entire community to share more directly in those God-given talents and the life and work experience of our senior members.

Sarah Cook
Ottawa

P.S. With all due respect to Mr. Syrt Wolters, I would say that every head of hair he shapes is one less for a younger barber. After all, there are only so many heads to go around!

Bert Hielema does 'new math'?

Bert Hielema's math ("Two Weeks That Were," CC, June 26) is pretty shaky: 3,1329 divided by 66 doesn't come out to 21. To multiply brings you closer.

Here's what I think is a better formula: to find your Body Mass Index, multiply your weight (in pounds) by 703; then

divide it by your height (in inches) squared. Anything up to 24 is okay; you're overweight from 25 to 29; and obesity is indicated by a BMI of 30 or more.

Fred Austin
Port Alberni, B.C.

... But is it English?

I couldn't help but chuckle at the dutchism on the front page of the July 17, 1998. The phrase "under the loupe" sounds like it could be an English phrase, but it isn't. The word "loupe" is not in Webster. It is in the Oxford English Dictionary, which says that *loupe* is a form of the verb "loup," to leap. On second thought, maybe "under the loupe" is not a dutchism either, but an old Frisian expression.

If you know more than one language well, it is very easy to make a slip like that, though.

Keep up the good work.

Allan C. Groen
Cornwall, Ontario

Not in Oxford, you say? Or in Webster? Pity. Only in Canada, perhaps. But not to forget France, from whence this use of the word, uh, "louns." The Gage Canadian Dictionary defines it as: "An eyepiece fitted with a magnifying glass for use by jewellers, watchmakers, etc."

Some of us here, like you, had our doubts. It is used in Dutch (Kramer's Dutch/English Dictionary refers you from the l-o-u-p-e spelling to l-o-e-p). But it is sufficiently unknown in everyday English that Bert's wanting to use it started a discussion in the office and caused us to look it up to verify that it isn't only a dutchism.

MVT

P.S.

Just before press time Mr. Groen wrote us again to concede that his Gage Canadian Dictionary agreed with ours!

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News/Sports

Floating balloons bring gospel over borders

SEOUL, Korea (EP) — Balloons with Bible verses are being released at the border of North Korea in an unusual evangelism project by Voice of the Martyrs. Christian missions are not permitted in communist North Korea, but last year over

10,000 "flying missionaries" were released.

The balloons carry Bible verses such as: "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son so that all who believe in him will not perish, but have everlasting life"

(John 3:16).

North Korea's Communist Party has ordered soldiers to pick up the balloons when they are found. Similar balloons are sent into Cuba and China.



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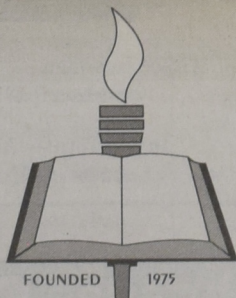
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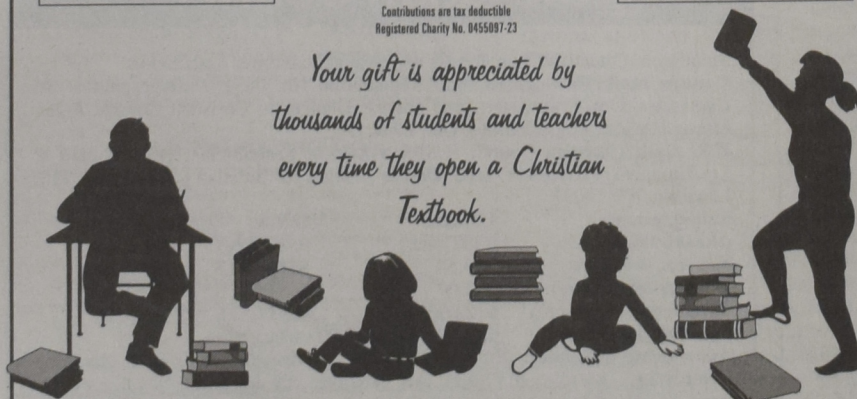


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After the Buzzer

00:00



Tim Antonides

Mikey doesn't lose

They did it again. You just knew they would. If you followed the NBA finals this year, you saw the Chicago Bulls win yet another championship. Even though the Utah Jazz were ahead for a while, most people knew in the back of their minds that the Bulls would come back to win. It was either exhilarating or infuriating, depending on your view of the whole business.

Some of us love to watch sports dynasties such as this. Who can forget the amazing success of the Edmonton Oilers in the '80s? The Eskimos of the CFL also dominated their game for several seasons. So too, the Chicago Bulls have ruled basketball for some time now.

Many of us love to see a team dominate a sport, as the Bulls have done. After all, people love a winner. It is inspiring to see someone like Michael Jordan transcend the sport and lead his team to unimaginable success. You know that Jordan will make the shot that's needed in the final seconds. You can count on Dennis Rodman to get the definite rebound that turns the game around.

A good number of people live with some uncertainty and instability in their lives. Maybe in some weird way, it's an inspiration to be able to count on a team like the Bulls to always win in the end. It's not unlike watching a cop show in which you know that the outcome will always be the same (good guy solves the case; bad guy gets shot).

Complacency seeps in

But some of us can't stand to see a team dominate a sport like the Bulls have. We watch sports for the drama and unpredictability. Even more than this, though, people hate complacency. I still remember the scorn I felt watching the Edmonton Oilers play at home towards the end of their Stanley Cup run. After yet another goal by Gretzky or Kurri, the fan applause was more reminiscent of a golf tournament than a hockey game.

Northlands Coliseum, once a place boiling over with the energy of crazed hockey fanatics, had become a complacent and mellow country club. With so many teams wallowing in a "slough of despond" (some for decades), it enrages people to see a team and its fans become complacent and take their success for granted. This is not entirely the case with the Chicago Bulls, but those elements are there.

Sports dynasties are fascinating. They can also become a skewed version of what competition should be. As Christians we can view competition as an opportunity to push ourselves to excel in using certain gifts we've been given.

Hating to lose

Conversely, we can see it as an avenue through which to glorify domination and success at all costs. The latter is an ingrained part of our culture. Why else do we compete? To win is great; to dominate is the supreme goal.

During the telecast of the Bulls' playoff games, a sports-caster admiringly commented, "The Bulls have dominated the game for so long because Michael Jordan hates to lose." The others in the room with him murmured their agreement.

This comment captures the essence of our culture's sports philosophy. It's simple mathematics. When the game is over, the only thing that matters is that the number behind our teams name on the scoreboard is larger than the number behind our opponent's name. To hate and fear any other result is what modern athletic excellence is all about.

Tim Antonides teaches Grade 5 and coaches basketball at Surrey Chr. School, Surrey, B.C.

Arts/Media

Film Review

Stunning war film sees no glory in battle

Marian Van Til

Saving Private Ryan

Rated AA. Stars Tom Hanks, Tom Sizemore, Edward Burns, Matt Damon, Jeremy Davies, Harve Presnell. Screenplay by Robert Rodat. Directed by Steven Spielberg.

"War is hell," says the cliché. But if anyone who hasn't been in or near a war ever doubted it, this film would disabuse them of the notion. It contains some of the most graphic and emotionally ripping scenes of battle ever filmed.

The Private Ryan of the title is one of four Iowa brothers in the same Irish-American family who are in the U.S. Army seeing combat during World War II. But tragically, by June of 1944, three of the four are dead, their mother left in inconceivable anguish.

When the situation is called to the attention of officers in the War Office, the news floats all the way to the top; and General George Marshall issues an order that the remaining brother, Private James Francis Ryan, is to be sent home to his family.

The trouble is, no one knows exactly where Pvt. Ryan is. He was with an airborne division which parachuted behind Nazi lines as part of the D-Day forces (June 6, 1944). But bad weather with ill winds has scattered the parachutists hither and yon, leaving many of them miles from their targets.

Finding Ryan will be like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack, all the more so because the finders will doubtless have to engage the enemy along the way. Nevertheless, a Capt. John Miller (Tom Hanks) is commanded to assemble a group of nine or so men to save Pvt. Ryan.

Echoing real-life tragedies

This somewhat implausible plot is made to seem entirely believable by director Steven Spielberg's film-making skill. The film, in fact, was inspired by several brothers-in-combat situations in the U.S. forces in World War II.

There were five Sullivan brothers from Buffalo, N.Y., who were killed when the ship on which they all served, the *U.S.S. Juneau*, was torpedoed by the Japanese in 1942 during the Battle of Guadalcanal. (Docked for years at Buffalo's Niagara

River-front just inside Lake Erie, a WWII-vintage battleship named after the brothers can be toured.)

The film more closely parallels the case of three Niland brothers who were killed in a single week in 1944, two at Normandy, one in the Asian theatre. The army sent a chaplain-priest to escort the remaining brother, Fritz, out of the combat zone, to England, and home. Because of such instances, regulations were later drawn up making it impossible for siblings to serve together in the same unit.

Flesh-and-blood men

Along the way to saving Pvt. Ryan we get to know the men who Capt. Miller has assembled around him. They are an interesting assortment, a microcosm of the "American melting pot": the macho but inwardly sensitive Caparzo (Vin Diesel); the educated but naive and terrified Corp. Upham, conscripted as the translator (Jeremy Davies); the feisty Jew, Mellesh (Adam Goldberg), who, knowing what it's like to be an outsider, befriends Corp. Upham; the steady, courageous Sgt. Horvath (Tom Sizemore), Miller's right-hand man and periodic confidant; Reiben (Edward Burns) the aggressive, hot-headed city boy from Brooklyn; and a Psalm-quoting sharpshooter from Tennessee (Barry Pepper).

If their outward characteristics seem stereotypical, the virtually unknown actors who inhabit these characters adeptly bring them to life as flesh-and-blood men whose lives we come to value ever more in the turbulent week we share with them, condensed by Spielberg into a riveting three hours.

The actors' convincing performances were, they admit, helped by their grueling "rehearsal" — a 10-day boot camp carrying 40-pound packs in mud and rain across the English countryside on a few hours of sleep a night, conducted by a former U.S. Marine captain. (After those 10 days the whole ensemble of younger actors voted to leave the film, but Tom Hanks's



Capt. John Miller (Tom Hanks — centre) is commanded to assemble a group of nine or so men to save Private Ryan.

refusal to quit brought them back on board, says Edward Burns, who plays Reiben, the acerbic New Yorker.)

Battle as civilians have never seen it

The film opens with an elderly man somewhat unsteadily treading, his wife, children and grandchildren behind him, toward a particular grave in a sea of white crosses in a military cemetery (which looks to be Arlington National Cemetery in Washington).

The camera confronts the man's face, gradually boring into his misting eyes at extreme close range, finally wrinkling time and mind into a different universe: Normandy, June 6, 1944.

The Omaha Beach invasion of the D-Day scene that follows comes after a brief, screen-filling shot of a wind-blown, color-muted American flag. But there's no symbolic "flag-waving" here.

The invasion scene, nearly a half-hour long, is relentless, pulling us into the awful battle through the view of shaky, handheld cameras, as if they had been carried by the terrified American boys (literally boys), who are being mowed down by

about, should require that they risk their lives so that he can be sent home, where they all long to be. The as-yet unseen Ryan becomes both a sort of Holy Grail towards which they strive, and a deadly albatross around their necks.

Through the crucible

By the time they catch up with Pvt. Ryan they themselves have been through the crucible, though even worse is yet to come. Ryan's reaction to their mission to "save" him and the circumstances in which they then find themselves change Miller's plans for the group — and all their futures.

While one can quibble with how Spielberg plays out scenes here and there, the emotional impact of his film is overwhelming because he hits every note virtually right.

Nor is the film one long, tense nightmare. Though there are two protracted, intense battle scenes, beginning and end, there is much else, including occasional moments of comic relief.

In the U.S. this film has been rated N-17 (no one 17 or under admitted, even with parental consent). Most directors handed such a rating will cut scenes rather than see their film slapped with a label they view as a kiss of death. But not Spielberg. He is standing by every frame of his grittily unromantic portrayal of war.

The rating is unfortunate and paradoxical. The film's disturbing depiction of the violence of war, far from glorifying violence — as does the seemingly endless parade of slickly violent films a la *Lethal Weapon* — will have the effect of reducing many if not most viewers to stunned, even tearful silence. That's why teenagers, especially the young males (whether north or south of the border) for whom the *Lethal Weapon* kind of spectacular but antiseptic violence is manufactured, should not only be allowed to, but encouraged to, see this film.



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Church

Native priest bridges Christianity and native spirituality

Gordon Legge

CALGARY — When Blackfoot Anglican priest Margaret Waterchief was in her teens, she had a vision of Jesus Christ. Afterwards, Waterchief realized that the essence of his message was to accept others as her brothers and sisters, to love and respect the dignity of every person.

Waterchief was among a group of native leaders who conducted a healing seminar this spring aimed at building a bridge of understanding between natives and non-natives, especially Christians, about native spirituality.

There are many similarities between the two beliefs, she asserts — love, truth, respect, humility, and belief in a Supreme Being, the one who gives everyone life.

"Our hope is that this healing process between natives and non-natives will begin by honestly sharing," said Waterchief, who ministers to Calgary's urban native community in a joint project involving the Cathedral Church of the Redeemer and the Calgary Urban Project Society (CUPS).

Forgive and move on

While many non-natives are urging Canada's native people to return to their native spirituality, she says, there are other non-natives who insist aboriginal peoples must be like them.



Rev. Margaret Waterchief holds the Women on the Move Award given to her by the Calgary Sun on July 15.

"Let's not forget that kind of teaching and thinking is what brought the First Nations to their knees," she told the seminar attended by about 150 people. "We, the First Nations of Canada, must move on, forgive and move on. We feel we must look forward."

Standing on a stage covered with native artifacts considered sacred — a large black and white teepee cover, a buffalo skull and robe, an Eagle stick

hanging from a diamond willow tripod, moccasins, a "dream catcher" — Waterchief she appealed for openness to traditional native beliefs.

She quoted famed evangelist Billy Graham who said the mind of humankind is a little puddle compared to the mind of God. And she added: "People's minds are like plants. If they're not nourished with knowledge, they will die like plants that go unwatered."

We're not all in the same place.

The Creator's mighty power and wisdom will allow us to know. What we have to do is keeping seeking him."

Waterchief, 66, led off the day by sharing her own experience. Born a Blackfoot on the Peigan reserve, she remembers her grandparents taking her to native spiritual ceremonies late at night. Today she wonders whether that was when their spirituality was forced under-

ground. "That was my first introduction to the Creator."

When she was seven she was put in a residential school. Although the treatment was harsh, Waterchief says she'd never condemned it. "One thing I think the missionaries taught me was the Bible," she says.

A vision of Jesus

In her late teens, Waterchief left school to marry. A month after her first child was born, she began coughing up blood. "I was very scared. I thought I was going to die."

She had tuberculosis and was hospitalized in Edmonton. Waterchief remembers watching another patient, a Catholic, praying the rosary. Waterchief thought to herself, "I don't think God hears that girl. We are the only right church."

As she fell asleep, Waterchief says she saw Jesus at the foot of her bed. "He became very brilliant. A white robe. Shiny white hair down to his shoulders. Very blue eyes. His face shone."

But the strangest part of the vision was that Jesus held a rosary in his hands. Later, she concluded that he was showing her that she should not discount the traditions of others. And he told her, "You will live but you will have to go through this place we call Golgotha."

The vision gave her the determination to recover. A year later she returned home and began

raising a family. It was a difficult time. Her husband was an alcoholic. After he died in the mid-1970s, the next five years were chaos as she tried to raise her 10 children.

In desperation, she turned to God for help and sought forgiveness. She began praying and reading the Bible. "As soon as I did, it seems I had a whole different feeling, a feeling of being reborn," she says. "I was overjoyed." Eventually, she became an Anglican priest so she could minister to her own people.

Understanding the good part

In the early 1990s, while on a retreat at the Vancouver School of Theology, where she was studying, Waterchief made a decision to begin exploring native spirituality. As soon as she did, Waterchief felt, for the first time in her adult life, like a whole person.

"I am a Peigan woman from the Blackfoot nation," said Waterchief, who was ordained in 1994. "This is who I am. I must understand the good part of native spirituality to enhance my own Christian faith."

Waterchief says it's important for native people to know and rediscover who they are as native people. "It's because we lost our identity that we have so many problems. When we recover that, we will begin healing."

Moroccan court upholds stiff sentence for Westerners importing Bibles

TETOUAN, Morocco (EP) — A Moroccan appeals court upheld a stiff sentence last month given five Westerners charged with importing Bibles and other religious materials without proper customs permits. Authorities seized 1,200 New Testaments and 500 Bibles from the group.

British citizen Graham Hutt and his co-defendants were detained in late May and sentenced to two months imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of \$42,000 (US) or face a year in prison. The court also ordered the confiscation of the Bibles and religious books, along with Hutt's yacht and motorcycle, valued at \$250,000 and \$3,000 (US) respectively.

Hutt's co-defendants left the country several weeks before the hearing, and Hutt left for Spain after the hearing.

The appeal hearing was

conducted quickly, with the judge refusing to let Hutt or his attorney make their full argument. In addition, an interpreter for Hutt was permitted to translate only when questions were directed to him, leaving him ignorant of most of the proceedings.

A step backwards

Some of the men had originally been charged with illegal entry into the country, but that charge had been set aside because the defendants' passports have valid entry stamps. "The court upheld the original police report that had been thrown out at an earlier hearing, and they reimposed all the fines and penalties," Hutt told Compass Direct after the hearing. "So we are actually a step backwards."

The sentence is unusually high for the offense. The normal penalty for failure to pay a cus-

oms permit is usually \$150-\$300. In addition, since the books were to be given away rather than sold there should have been no customs charge, or a very low charge. The Moroccan government insists that it is legal to bring Bibles into Morocco, but the severity of the penalty in this case is almost certainly due to the religious nature of the confiscated materials.

An attorney for the men said, "We were totally horrified by the way that the case was handled. The court hearing was nothing but an affront to a legal system." He suggested that someone in government may have decided he wants Hutt's yacht, and may therefore be pushing for the confiscation to be upheld.

"It is absurd that such a heavy fine should be imposed on these Christians just for bringing in Bibles which were not even

meant for sale. This case is an indication of the Moroccan authorities' extremely restrictive attitude towards the import of Arabic Christian literature into their country," said Wilfred Wong, parliamentary officer of the British group Jubilee Campaign.

Model of tolerance?

But in a letter to Compass Direct, Moroccan Minister-Counselor Ahmed El-Rhaidi defended his government's handling of the case. The June 25 letter said, "It is clear that the trial has been based on a 'smuggle' charge and has no religious implications whatsoever."

El-Rhaidi went on to defend his North African nation as "a model of religious tolerance" because of the many synagogues and churches permitted in Morocco, which is 99 per cent

Muslim.

Another factor may explain the harsh sentences. After their initial hearing, the men learned that they were also facing "hidden" charges.

While imprisoned they had been coerced into signing lengthy statements written in Arabic, with the promise — ultimately empty — that they would be released if they signed. The Canadian Consulate in Morocco later reported that the statements contained charges of illegal entry into the country and endangering the security of Morocco.

A further appeal is possible, but would not be heard for several months. Christians around the world are being asked to contact their government leaders and urge them to pressure the Moroccan government to drop all charges in this case.

Church

Light by which to see something worth the seeing

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; of whom shall I be afraid."
Psalm 27:1

I came upon a new insight in C. S. Lewis the other day. "The one who loves, sees," Lewis says in his preface to the anthology of quotations from George MacDonald which he edited. Conventional wisdom may have it that love is blind, but anyone who has truly loved someone for any length of time — loved a child from infancy into adulthood, loved a spouse across several decades, loved a church community through a succession of pastors and crises — knows that conventional wisdom is false. Infatuation is blind, but love sees everything. It is only those I love that I am willing to see as separate and independent entities, not just as people who meet my needs in a particular way. Love knows the full being of another person. Love is a source of illumination and knowledge.

Since God loves us more than anyone else could ever begin to, God also knows us better than anyone else, even than we know ourselves. It is his nature as Love which requires him to pay attention to us, to revel in us, to take delight in our existence.

It is because he loves us that he sees us. It is because God is Love that we also say God is Light. God loves and knows all of creation with this same intimacy. Nothing exists which God does not hold in existence and which God does not know completely with the eyes of creating love.

If we want to know the true nature of reality, we will learn such truth from God because only the God who loves truly and completely can know truly and completely and therefore reveal true and complete knowledge to us.

Love produces light

For over a year now, I've been coming back to a single sentence from Simone Weil, trying to understand what she was saying. "Love is not consolation, it is light," Weil says. For Weil, consolation and light are placed in contrast with each other. Love does not necessarily produce comfort or sweet feelings. Love produces light, which is revelation and knowledge.

When we love God and love creation through God, we have light enough to know the entire cosmos. But since we live in a fallen, rebellious and dangerous world, and since we ourselves are marred people, such knowledge may be acutely uncomfortable. Since the reality of our world and of our own natures is unpleasant, we would sometimes rather not see it too clearly.

Light which exposes and reveals is not

Chapter & Verse



Wayne Brouwer
Andrew Kuyvenhoven
• Laura Smit
Al Wolters

always welcome. In the third chapter of John, Jesus warns that those who do evil hide themselves from the light because they don't want to be exposed.

When there is something in my life which I want to hide, it is those people who love me most that I need to avoid. It is not my casual acquaintances who will challenge me, provoke me, be disappointed in me, hope for better from me and chastise me. Those who most love me do all those things. Only those who love me will take the time to see me. When I don't want to be seen, I must avoid being loved, as well.

Dangers in the dark

A recent article in *The Atlantic Monthly* talked about the experience of caving, of exploring previously unexplored caves and crevices underground. The author recounts how one time she was crawling along a very narrow ridge, next to a chasm which fell off abruptly to her right.

She realized that if she had been above-ground, she would never have crawled out on such a ridge, but in the dark of the cave, she was able to ignore the chasm. She was able to pretend that she was far safer than she really was, because the danger was hidden in darkness. Sometimes we'd prefer not to confront too much reality.

Yet the psalmist ends Psalm 27 with a word of optimism. "I believe that I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Ultimately, the light which comes from the love of God is a light which reveals good things to us, because God's goodness is at the base of the world we come to see. In his poem "The Call," George Herbert calls to Jesus saying, *Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:*

*Such a Light, as shows a feast,
Such a Feast, as mends in length,
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.*

For Herbert, the Light of God does not reveal a threatening chasm, but a feast — a feast which grows continually better, a feast which strengthens and nourishes us, a feast at which we are welcomed as loved guests. God's loving light makes visible the abundance of the life he has prepared for us.

Laura Smit, pastor in the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., recently completed her doctoral work in philosophical aesthetics at Boston University, Boston, Mass., and will be engaged in a post-doctoral fellowship at BU until she takes up a teaching position in the religion and theology department at Calvin College in 1999.

Cuban Catholic Church privately frustrated by lack of change

HAVANNA, Cuba (Compass) — Vatican officials and Cuban cardinals who attended a recent summit of Cuban church officials in Rome said that they are pleased with progress in Cuba since Pope John Paul II's visit earlier this year. However, the *Miami Herald* reported that there is a less-public frustration among church authorities that could lead to the church stepping up its pressure for meaningful change.

Church access to the mass

media remains blocked. A printing press shipped to Cuba was returned for lack of an import permit. And the government has not recognized any church publications, which means they are technically illegal and could be closed at random. Church officials say they are disturbed that while the Pope's visit helped to raise the status of President Fidel Castro internationally and in the country, not much has changed for the church in Cuba.

Niger rejects evangelical association

NIAMEY, Niger (Compass) — Efforts to officially recognize evangelical Christians in Niger have received a setback. The government's refusal to acknowledge a united Christian front in this North African country is attributed to fear of Muslim fundamentalists, who constitute a sizeable proportion of the country's population and may see this as an opportunity to create instability and persecute Christians, evangelicals fear.

Ibrahim Bozou, the vice-chairman of Niger's Evangelical

Church of Peace, said even though there is no known problem existing between the church and government, Muslim leaders have been pressuring the government to check the spread of Christianity in Niger.

Only one per cent of the country's population is Christian.

Niger became a French colony in 1922 and gained independence in 1960, but has been ruled by military governments since 1974.

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Personal reflections

Where are those golden years?

Name withheld

When we were young, we did not think about our golden years. "Golden years" — who had them? Life was life, whether it was good or not so good. That's as far as our thoughts went.

Now, as we ourselves have reached those "golden years," there is not much gold in them. Only darkness, depression, questions, anger, frustration.

My handsome, strong husband has already been living in a nursing home for five months. Sometimes he hardly knows me, even when I'm with him every afternoon and evening.

Our "golden years" consist of sitting in a kind of hospital room characterized by strange questions and strange behavior on his part. Yes, we still hug and kiss each other and hold hands, but I don't feel anything in this anymore that before could excite me so much.

For years I have felt him slipping away from me. The tie that bound us so firmly is loosening. My husband is no longer my husband; he is a scared, insecure child clinging to the mother figure he sees in me.

Afraid of the future

A year ago we still walked hand in hand through the halls that connect our building with the nursing home. I never wanted to look at that home. Even from the outside I disliked the look of it. I did not want it to be there, standing as a reminder of what was surely to come for us one day. Now I am part of it every



day. I never thought our lives, our golden years would end like this.

Sure, we are still blessed, as our friends would say. I can visit him every day, as often as I want to. I don't even have to go outside. But I can't see the blessing.

There is a rough feeling in my stomach when I make ready to visit. When I pass by the building, my heart breaks. A lump comes into my throat, and sometimes I cry quietly. Sometimes I even curse it. Why? Why us? We can still both walk; are still a handsome couple to others, some of whom

don't understand why I have put him there.

The hidden reality

To the outside, I always put on an invincible front. I did all the talking. Nothing looked out of the ordi-

see that were not there, there was no one there to support me.

No one would see me open the door and tell those imaginary people to get out. Others did not have to calm him down when, at night, in the light of the passing cars, sitting in his rocking chair, he thought the shrubs on the lawn were people who would come to our home and disappear into the walls.

I could go on and on. All the strange questions I had to answer a thousand times a day. All the times I had to tell him where the rooms in our home were.

People can be so cruel when they say, "He looks so normal. Why did you 'stick' him in that home?" As if I wanted to get rid of him! You "stick" furniture in a home, not people you love.

Guilt is eating away at you already, and then people rub salt into the wound. Guilt at night, when you miss his body beside you and know him to be miserable and scared in that other place.

Did I do it too easily? Could I have held on longer?

My doctor told me: "Enough is enough. If you continue this way *you* will get sick, and who will take

There are so many unanswered whys.

Oh God, send your Spirit, your comforter into my heart in great measure, so I can keep going. The million thoughts that plague my mind help me to think only about the wonderful years we had together with our children. Help me think that you have a plan for us and that you will make all things new.

Oh, golden years; not for us here on earth, but waiting for us in heaven.

Fear of Faith Manor

I remember the day the sod was turned for Faith Manor in Brampton, Ont., by Her Royal Highness Princess Margriet of the Netherlands. My husband was on the board of directors of Holland Christian Homes. That day I was proud to be part of the event — the beginning of a nursing home for elderly people of the Reformed community. The thought never entered my mind that someday we would be those elderly people who had to enter this home. We were young and vibrant, and we would never be so "far gone" that we would have to move into a nursing home. It was wonderful that it would be there for others, but not for us.

The years went by and our middle-aged years gave way to the years of the elderly. We made the move into Holland Christian Homes together, and we lived together for 10 months in our apartment. Then my husband's condition made it necessary for him to become a resident of Faith Manor.

For years I have felt him slipping away from me. The tie that bound us so firmly is loosening.

nary. But when the door of our home closed and I had to help him with every-

thing, and listen to the strange things he would say, the people he would care of him then, and visit him?"

That guilt comes back all the time. It is lonely in the apartment. He is lonely. Why not try it again?

For a long time I had been scared of Faith Manor. I did not want to go near it. Sometimes I went up to the second floor of Covenant Towers, to the library, and peaked through the glass doors that led into the nursing home. I could see people moving around, some in wheelchairs; some in what looked like beds with tables over them; some walking. But all seemed to me to have a fearful and staring look in their eyes.

Some cried and desperately pushed against the doors or walls, or pushed the elevator floor numbers, pacing up and down, up and down. Some shouted out loud in pain or frustration, calling on their mothers — more on their mothers than on any other relation. Mothers know a way out. Mothers will help in every situation. Mothers will always be there, no matter how old you are.

Standing there and seeing all this reminded me of a day at the zoo. The animals, especially the wolves, constantly move back and forth, always looking for a way out. The wolves are intelligent; they know they can not get out, but still they keep trying, trying. People are not wolves; but they have the same instinct for freedom.

After observing for a while, I would rush away from this sad place, called by some "God's Waiting Room." I called it the House of Tears, Frustration and Pain.

When my husband has been in Faith Manor for eight months he still wants to go home, still looks in every room for a way out. He wants to go and sleep with me in our own home.

"Why do you always go away?" he asks. "My first wife always stayed with me." I don't have to tell him that I *am* his first wife. He does not feel it that way because I am leaving, and that isn't nor-

with a view onto the parking lot, watching the rain glide down the glass, there can not be much joy there.

Some of the residents don't even see the room's beauty, the little tables with fresh flowers on them

The home does not scare me anymore. Yes, there is pain, anger and frustration there; but there is also laughter and joyful singing.

mal.

My husband still does not know he is in a nursing home. We still tell him it is a hospital and that the doctor wants him there, even if he himself does not think there is anything wrong with him.

His brain is better than mine, he tells me, when I try to explain that he had three brain surgeries and several little strokes, and that is why he has to stay in this place. Doctors want to keep an eye on him in case he has one of those strokes.

It is very hard to leave him there, wanting to go with me. It is the hardest thing I do in my life, and I tremble every time I go home again. I hope none of my children will ever have to go through this later in life.

God's Spirit is there

It's a rainy, depressing day in Brampton. Sitting comfortably in my apartment, my thoughts drift to the nursing home next door, where my husband has been a resident for about a year and a half. How dreary it must be there, even to sit in the beautiful new addition to the building, a roomy glassed-in sunroom. But

and the comfortable chairs. To us who come to visit our loved-ones there, this new room is almost the replacement of a living room, a reminder of a former home.

There is even a television set to brighten the day, and a VCR with tapes of hymns the residents remember so well from long ago. But most of the residents sit with forlorn looks on their faces.

As much as I hated this place earlier, I can now see the blessing of Faith Manor to so many people who have to live there. It is a good home. It has an activity staff whom I deeply respect. It is not easy for them to spend eight hours at a time with people who do not respond much to their efforts. It takes real dedication to work there. The nursing staff, too, is mostly very helpful and comforting to the residents and guests.

During my husband's year and a half there I have participated in the activity programs. I am still surprised at the patience and love displayed by the women who do this work so faithfully.

The home does not scare me anymore. Yes, there is pain, anger and frustration

there; but there is also laughter and joyful singing. And in discussion, a resident will sometimes come out with a statement that brings laughter to most of us.

The patients comfort each other by walking hand in hand through the halls, or sitting on a bench in the sun room, softly humming a hymn. If someone cries, another will put a hand on his or her shoulder and try to comfort.

God's Spirit is there; you can feel it. I can feel it when my husband wants to go home with me and when I try to explain why this can't be. I feel the Lord's help as my husband learns to accept that he has to stay behind. He does not put a big fuss up anymore, but he lets me go with my promise that I will be back.

Being there almost daily for so long has allowed me to get to know the other patients, some of whom have been there much longer. They know me,

They long for a friendly word or a touch on the shoulder and a warm smile.

know that if they hear a whistle, I've arrived. Their faces light up and their hands go up in a welcoming gesture of recognition. They trust me to help them or find a nurse for them when they have a problem and no nurse is in sight.

One little man, who has already passed away, even promised me his inheritance if I would stay with him and help him. I could phone his lawyer, he

said, and we could draft up the papers. His lawyer was just around the corner, and he himself was a man of his word.

And all I did for the man was find him his glasses, cover him with an afghan and give him a hug. That showed me how lonely these people are and how much they liked to be loved. They long for a friendly word or a touch on the shoulder and a warm smile. He may have told other people they'd be a part of his will, yet I know that nobody would have taken advantage of him.

Sometimes at night, when sleep does not come, I think about the possibility that someday I may have to go into this home. I pray to God that that time will never come. But it is a frightening thought. How will I react? Who will remember to visit me there?

I have a deep respect for the many volunteers who faithfully come help where they can, especially those who help with feeding the patients. They are mostly old themselves, but still they have love and compassion for those who need food and can no longer feed themselves. There are not enough paid staff members to do this task, and the patience and help from those volunteers is amazing to see.

God's love shines through all this. Perhaps that's why this home is called *Faith Manor*.

Because of the sensitive nature of this article, the author has requested that we withhold her name. She wanted to share her story in the hope that it may help those who may have to undergo a similar experience.

Marriage

Making love last

Bonnie Scheid

The years seem to rush by now... double and treble reason for loving as well as working while it is yet day. **George Elliot** (Marian Evans Cross)

Keeping love alive can be a challenge, but it can also be more rewarding than first love, with all its innocence and ignorance. Your love is truly unique. No one else in the world has experienced love in the exact same manner you have. You felt like Adam and Eve. And then there were the demanding years of making home and a family.

"Crisis either drives spouses apart or deepens their relationship. It is how we deal with these crises that makes the difference."

But those babies, lovable and precious as they are, do cry at night. They need diaper changes, they spit up and smell bad. Then they learn precocious tricks to hold your attention. They crawl and then they walk. Soon you are caught up in school affairs, making cupcakes for Brownies or carrying them to hockey practice. But all of this is love, you say. That is true, but when they leave home for college and you find yourself alone with the man you married in all that passion, where has the passion gone?

"Is your mate looking for love somewhere else?" you ask. Unfortunately, for some of us, that is exactly what happens. He or she thinks because the first love has cooled that someone else can relight the fire. You have heard of the midlife crisis, and it is not a myth. It is real, it threatens the best of marriages. It happened to mine at age 44 when the respected father of my children left home for an apartment in the city to search out more exciting territory.

Fortunately, after my divorce, I met and married a widower, both of us members of a support/study group at church. He had been too concerned with an ailing wife to be distracted by a midlife crisis. I was taking night classes to finish my degree when we met, so he claims that I was his midlife crisis, falling in love with a co-ed at 46.

Thankfully, not all couples

have to experience divorce or the death of a spouse to come to their senses in appreciating the joys of marriage. Hurray, I say, for those who look at their mid-life spouse and appreciate the fidelity and devotion that they have invested.

When you realize that true love means giving, sharing, courting, respecting and honoring, love is born anew. And that is the love which I am observing more and more of late. I see couples over 60, walking hand in hand along the river. One wife I know is losing her vision. Her husband walks her carefully through the new construction where we have recently moved. Another couple we meet on our daily walk passes us at a near jogging pace, smiling broadly with friendly greetings.

Recent surveys report that 25 per cent of the American population is over 65. Imagine what a lot of life we have before us. My own mother was very lonely as a widow for nine years before she met and married my stepfather. They were 65 and 63, respectively. They shared a most precious 23 years together before she passed away recently. Her advice to me at my second marriage was: "I'm sure that you have the good sense to appreciate a good marriage. Just don't hurt each other."

Most couples have met life's crises along the way. I have heard that crisis either drives spouses apart or deepens their relationship. It is how we deal with these crises that makes the difference. It takes a lot of faith and forgiving for love to survive.

Have the years taken a toll in your physical performance? Blame our stressful society or blame medication for heart and/or high blood pressure. We are living longer than our predecessors, we are feeling better and we expect all systems to work. Help is on the way with new treatments for these problems. Sex is still a strong healer and bonding agent for your marriage. You can plan for romantic evenings with suggestive flirtations during the day, romantic music and lighting candles on the dresser. Next day, do not fail to comment on the good time you had.

I am amused at young people who feel threatened by "co-dependency." Perhaps I don't understand the term but I freely admit to being co-dependent. I experience incredible joy from



sharing with my husband a peaceful sunset over the mountain range or soaking up the sun at mid-day lunch, and am energized by our daily walk. My love for him is deep and fulfilling, and appreciative. We drew strength from one another in the days of corporate transfers in our adjustment to new languages and cultures.

Communication is not an elective, but mandatory in marriage to keep love alive. In high school I dated a handsome young man with a stuttering problem. In my conceit I thought I could put him "at ease" enough to overcome his impediment. I planned carefully for our dates, bringing at least three topics of conversation for lead-ins. I could tell that he did the same, and it did make our dates more interesting. I challenge you to place some of that effort into keeping your marriage interesting. No one cares for a bore, but your enthusiasm for life keeps your relationship charged.

Barbara Taylor Bradford's book *Getting Older, Growing Younger* cites cases of famous

beauties who took great care of their brains as well as their bodies to maintain a youthful image and attitude. She quotes Disraeli concerning his Mary Ann: "We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its only end."

She also cites Browning's love for Elizabeth Barrett. Theirs was an older, more mature love, almost spiritual in nature, yet passionate. They ran away to

"Communication is not an elective, but mandatory in marriage to keep love alive."

Italy, against the wishes of her family. She wrote the now famous sonnet to Robert which begins: "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways...."

From the text *Reversing Human Aging* by Dr. Michael Fossel: "Let's consider the example of a gardener. If you spend time planting, weeding, pruning, mulching, fertilizing and watering your plants, your garden will be healthy. You can

ignore the garden... but it will fall apart because it lacked a caretaker." What better warning to take care of our bodies, to keep them vital.

In marriage, doing unto others as we would have them do unto us will work wonders.

From *The Family Book About Sexuality* by Mary S. Calderone and Erick Johnson: "With both men and women, the most important factors for retention of sexual capacity are desire and opportunity for regular sexual interchange with an interested and interesting partner. Additional help can come from a zestful approach to life by both partners." And again, they say, "Chronic illness can interrupt one's sex life but... should not interrupt other aspects of their sexual life together because there are many ways of making love through shared experiences, touching, caressing, whispered words and skillful use of lips and hands."

Love, at the last, can be better than at the beginning.

Bonita D. Scheid is a freelance writer who lives in Littleton, Colorado.

Historical Fiction

Reinou's story

Janet Sjaarda Sheeres

Dronrijp, Friesland, December 1839

Akke Elzinga took advantage of a break in the wintry weather to venture out. Akke augmented her meager widow's stipend by checking, on behalf of the church, on widows and single women who had no families to care for them. She was especially eager to get going this day as the previous evening a deacon had given her a new name to check on — Reinou Jentjes Sjaarda.

Akke had not seen Reinou in church for some time and knew something was amiss, but strict class distinctions had kept her from making a social sick call. Now, however, at the request of the diocese, she could make a proper sick call on Reinou and do whatever she could for her. Regal, is how Akke always thought of Reinou. She remembered when Reinou had moved to Dronrijp with her husband, Sjoerd Algera. Sjoerd had been a farmer before retiring and moving into a tidy house in town. The Elzingas were laborers and the two families did not move in the same social circles.



A typical Dutch home like the ones used by churches to house widows.

Then, five years ago, Sjoerd Algera had died and Akke had been stunned to hear that there was to be a *boelgoed* (estate sale) with all proceeds going to the church. This meant only one thing — that Reinou was to be a ward of the church, living in a church-owned home for widows and reduced to an annual stipend just like Akke.

Their financial circumstances at par, the widows of Dronrijp sat communally in church on Sundays. Reinou no longer sat in the rented pew of Boer (Dutch for farmer. To be a farmer in Holland meant being

financially self-reliant and of a higher social class than a laborer) Algera, but in the *gratis* chair section of the widows. Still, Reinou had kept her distance, always walking slowly and stately, wearing her silver *oorijzer* (a metal — silver or gold — headpiece worn by Frisian women in the 19th and early 20th centuries) like a crown. What was she really like, Akke wondered. Where were her children and why were they not caring for her?

Akke did not have far to go in her search for answers. Reinou's house was one of several small houses in a little courtyard built especially for widows by the church. A wan sun was peeking through the clouds as she made her way across the square.

"Voll-uk (Volk — Dutch word meaning "people" or "someone at the door," a common way of announcing oneself) she drew the one syllable word out into two as she knocked on the door and entered. The little room was warm. It was the *koster's* (Dutch for church custodian. *Kosteres* = custodian's wife) duty to stoke the stoves in the church-owned homes. When her eyes had adjusted to the dark interior, Akke saw on the table remains of breakfast provided by the *kosteres*. It was Akke's job to see to the physical comfort — wash the patient, change the bedding, and whatever else needed to be done.

Reinou was half lying, half sitting in the *bedstee* (bed built into the wall, a standard feature of Dutch interiors). Her face was pale and sallow; her hair grey and dingy against the pillows. Akke was slightly taken aback. Was this regal Reinou? Without her *oorijzer* and costume, Reinou looked like the 80-year-old woman she was. As she got closer Akke saw why Reinou had not been up and around lately. She had seen enough deaths to recognize Reinou's condition. The cold hands, the swollen legs, the gasping for breath all pointed to heart failure. Akke's curiosity about Reinou was replaced by compassion for her — for this kind of death could



Akke sensed Reinou's need to talk.

be slow and wearisome.

"Reinou." She took the old woman's hands in her own. "Reinou, I'm here. You are no longer alone." Akke began working quietly and efficiently warming water on the stove, washing Reinou, changing her clothes and bedding, combing her hair, all the while having a good look around the little room. She was surprised to see a shelf with books. Why had they not been sold at the estate sale? Were they Reinou's? Could Reinou read?

"You read," Akke's statement revealed her surprise. Few women, especially of the laboring class, knew how to read. What is in all those books? She must have been thinking aloud, for Reinou whispered, "Stories, wonderful stories of peoples' lives." Akke had heard the stories of the great saints in church, but that other people would write their stories seemed presumptuous to her.

"Who taught you how to read?" Akke asked, bringing Reinou a freshly brewed cup of tea.

"My Omke (Frisian for Uncle; Jan = John) Jan. He was a school teacher in Dokkum." Reinou's face brightened as she continued, "Omke Jan taught me to read and skate years ago when I was a little girl. What a lot has happened since." And unlike stories written in books which remain, she thought, will my life be remembered when I'm gone? Or will my story die with me? She hesitated, then whispered, "Akke, Akke, can you stay awhile? Stay to talk?"

Akke sensed Reinou's need to talk. Her own life had little enough diversion that she welcomed a conversation with this woman she had seen so often, yet knew so little about. She

poured herself a cup of tea, pulled a chair beside the bedstead and began to draw Reinou out by what she knew about her.

"And you were married twice. Two great loves are not given to everyone."

"Three," the voice from the bed whispered.

"Three!" Shocked Akke tried to tone down her reply. Perhaps Reinou needed to confess more than to talk. Perhaps she should get the pastor. But no, the pastor had moved away recently. Well, she would have to let Reinou talk. And Reinou talked — slowly, haltingly as her condition permitted.

"I married Jacob Hempenius in 1785. Jacob was one of Omke Jan's favorite students. Omke brought us together. After Jacob finished his studies we married and settled in Schalsum where he taught school. We had no children. Jacob never minded. He always said he had enough children in school. He would quote from the Bible, 'You are more precious to me than ten sons.'" (1 Samuel 1:8)

"After we were married Omke Jan would come and visit as often as he could. He and Jacob liked discussing politics. You may be too young to remember but many people wanted to do away with the monarchy, to be liberated like the American colonies and the French. People in Holland began to speak French. 'Patriotten' we called them. And in 1795 we welcomed the French with open arms as our liberators — Jacob included. He spoke French and insisted I learn as well. 'Comment-allez vous?' and 'Bonjour' (French for 'How are you?' and 'Good day'). We would greet each other. What a happy time that was for us."

It grew quiet as Reinou's

voice weakened and she needed a rest. Akke was astonished — this stately, reserved woman spoke French! What else was there? Akke was not going anywhere until she had heard it all!

"When the French came in 1795 Jacob was called on to translate. It was a hectic time. The French wanted the church records, and Jacob helped to copy them (This was before copy machines and all records had to be copied by writing). Then the French started a new system of record keeping for all births, deaths and marriages. Yes, Akke, the *Burgelijke Stand* (Civil Registration, a systematic record keeping of all births, marriages and deaths).

"Besides that, all people had to register a last name. Anyone knowing how to write, especially school teachers, were put to work. Jacob worked long hours after teaching school. I sometimes think he worked himself to death. In November 1796, Omke Jan passed away. We travelled to Dokkum to his funeral service in freezing weather. After the service we travelled to Engwierum where Omke was buried. Jacob came home with a bad cough and never recovered.

"I was able to support myself with some savings and an inheritance from Omke Jan so I stayed living in Schalsum. One day there was a big commotion outside of Schalsum. A battalion of French soldiers stationed nearby were on marching maneuvers and a Frisian farmer and hired man were driving cattle on the same road. By Schalsum they ran into each other, and since neither could understand the other, their confrontation led to a scuffle. Someone called me to translate for both parties. I was taken to the captain of the battalion. But instead of helping I was totally tongue-tied. I was looking at the handsomest man I had ever seen!

Akke mentally visualized the scene. The young blonde Frisian woman facing the dark, handsome Frenchman. On one side a herd of lowing Holstein with an angry farmer; on the other side a group of uniformed soldiers with their captain. "What happened?" she asked breathlessly.

"Rien." (French meaning nothing).

"Rien?" Akke asked bewildered. What was that now? It wasn't Frisian and it wasn't Dutch.

"Rien. Nothing." Reinou continued. "What could happen? He was French. I was Fries. He

Continued on page 14...

Advice/Historical Fiction

Scripture doesn't prohibit interracial marriage

Dear Readers:

Please write. This week's letter is the last one in our file.

Dear P & M:

What do you think about interracial relationships? I know people who think that God strictly desires whites to marry whites and blacks to marry blacks. They say that combining any two cultures puts too much stress on a dating relationship or marriage, but surely two people in love can overcome whatever obstacles they meet along the way.

Critics also argue that an interracial marriage is not fair to the children who will not be accepted by either race; but I can hardly imagine that this is true in multicultural Canada in 1998, although the degrees of acceptance might differ between rural settings or cities like Vancouver or Toronto.

So tell me, does God forbid blacks and whites from being married? Can you recommend any books on the subject?

Dear Interracial Marriage:

God does not forbid interracial or cross-cultural dating or marriage. Moses married a black woman from North Africa, a decision God defended when Miriam and Aaron challenged their brother (Numbers 12). Rahab the Canaanite and Ruth the Moabite were welcomed not only into Israel but also into the genealogy of Jesus (Matt. 1).

Jesus himself destroyed the "dividing wall of hostility" between Jews and Gentiles. Christ's own family is pictured as "a great multitude from every nation, tribe, people and language" (Rev. 7:9).

Where, then, does the Bible draw the line? Only one place. It draws it between believers and unbelievers (2 Cor. 6:14-16). In other words, if a couple shares a common commitment to the Lord of life they may enjoy God's blessing on their relationship, regardless of racial, cultural or national differences.

What parents, extended families, friends, churches and communities think is often an entirely different matter. In the United States laws prohibiting marriages between blacks and whites were overturned in 16 of the States only as recently as 1970. And Canada did not repudiate its "white Canada" immigration policy until 1962 (never mind accepting interracial marriage).

A 1990 questionnaire at a progressive private school in New York City discovered that the majority of parents supported mixed race friendships but 90 per cent would not be comfortable if their children were to date interracial.

Great strides have been made, but the suspicion and ignorance that lies at the heart of racism still expresses itself in subtle and overt attempts to keep the races apart, in "multicultural"

Canada too. Our research for this column also showed us that the most homogeneous groups are the least open to mixed marriages.

Any person involved in an interracial relationship must be prepared for the realities of race. Skin color may not matter to you, but it does matter to many others. Interracial couples will always be perceived as different, especially in new settings. Their children may be subject to hurtful speculation, subtle disapproval, even outright dislike.

Everything that blacks, Asians or Native Canadian/Americans experience as visible minorities will become the white partner's experience as well. No doubt, in many cases some of the initial opposition faced by interracial couples is rooted in their families' protective urge to spare them these painful realities.

We don't know whether you are writing on your own behalf or for a friend or relative. Whatever the case, the racist or protective reaction to interracial dating which prompted you to write is but a first taste of the lifetime of tests and stresses to come. You can see why self-confidence, strong communication skills and, especially, a deep commitment to each other and the Lord are essential requirements for any interracial couple who will need to withstand such initial challenges and everything else that comes their way.

There are several excellent

Peter and Marja



are
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books which you may find at a public library which give an insider's perspective on interracial marriage and family. In *Beyond the Whiteness of Whiteness* Jane Lazarre writes about her experience as a Jewish wife of a black man, and as a mother of two black children.

Mark and Gail Mathabene write about their interracial dating and eventual marriage in a powerful book entitled *Love in Black and White*.

The bestseller *The Color of Water* by James McBride gives a child's perspective on being raised by a white mother in a predominantly black community. And Maxine B. Rosenberg's *Living In Two Worlds*, a book of photographs with a text for children, is also helpful.

Ourselves being white and having black children, we know what she means. Our racially integrated family has made us more sensitive and appreciative of others, while simultaneously forcing us to see the racist

attitudes which will confront our children all of their lives.

We do not advise our children to limit their search for a life-partner to someone who looks like they do, the way school-aged kids unthinkingly assume that the two black kids in a predominantly white classroom should pair off together just because they share the same skin color. Instead, we encourage them to find a kindred spirit who loves them for who they are and who shares their love for the Lord Jesus Christ. Isn't that the fundamental requirement for every Christian relationship, regardless of color?

Write to: P & M, 16 Kimbermont Drive, St. Catharines, ON L2N 5V6.

Peter and Marja Slofstra are a pastor and wife team living in St. Catharines, Ont. They are assisted by an advisory panel consisting of Herman de Jong, Bill Lidkea, Alan Vandermaas, Marian Van Til and Bert Wirooet.

Reinou's story

... continued from page 13

was Catholic, I was Protestant. But after that he always called for me when he needed a translator. Then we would talk. How I looked forward to those times. Sometimes I allowed myself to dream about leaving with him, but deep in my heart I knew it would never work out. When he left with his battalion two years later, he gave me that." Reinou waved her arm toward the small shelf at the foot of the bedstead. Akke looked. The only item she saw on the shelf was the silver *oorijzer*. She gasped, "He gave you that?"

"Yes. They were just coming in style and he wanted me to have it for my services. When Sjoerd Algera came calling, he assumed it was from Jacob. He said he would buy me a golden one if I would like, but I said I was rather attached to this one,

and he never mentioned it again."

For a few minutes neither woman spoke. Only the ticking of the clock broke the silence. Akke glanced outside through the small window. The snow had picked up again. Thick flakes were drifting down. Let them fall, she thought, I'm not leaving here until I hear the end of the story. She poured them each another cup of tea. After a while, Reinou continued.

"Sjoerd's courtship was a blessing for me. I had just about run through my savings and most of Omke Jan's inheritance as well. My family had more than enough looking after themselves without taking me in. My brothers took over Father's carpenter's business, but there was not enough work for all. Marrying Sjoerd seemed like a good move."

"Seemed?" Akke filled in the

momentary pause.

"Yes, seemed. I had no idea what was in store for me. Sjoerd had two children — Pieter, ten, and Grietje, seven. They never really became my children. Looking back now I think it was as much my fault as theirs. I had hoped I might still have children of my own and when I didn't, I resented them. Grietje alone I could have won over, but she took her cues from Pieter. If I would use or touch something that had been their mother's it was always, 'Dat wie fan us mem.' 'Us mem' this and 'us mem' that (Frisian for "that was our mother's", "us mem" = our mother). Sjoerd never saw it. I wished Jacob had taught me a little less French and a little more about children.

"Then there was the farm work which I knew nothing about. I had not grown up on a farm — my father had been a carpenter and Jacob a teacher. My life had been fairly easy, but a farmer's wife works long and hard. I had to cook for the fami-

ly and servants, run the household and dairy. In summer the garden was mine and in winter the sewing and darning.

There was little time for myself. And little spare money for books or novelties. When a cow died it was a major setback. Several times that first summer the milk soured before I could churn it. Sjoerd was patient, but I knew I had failed him. I was not sorry when we left the farm to Pieter in 1814."

"As the children grew older, we grew closer. But it was really Pieter's wife, Sijke, who had a lot to do with that. She never knew Pieter's real mother, so accepted me as her mother-in-law, and often brought their children to visit. The grandchildren especially loved to stay with us. I must have read every book I had several times over to them. When Sjoerd died five years ago, Pieter and Grietje sold everything that was his. It was their right. But still I was disappointed. Could they not have waited until I was gone as

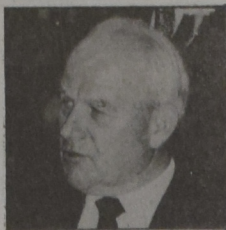
well?"

Reinou's voice had become a whisper. Akke let her rest. She saw it was growing dark outside. She would need to go home soon. A knock on the door brought her to her feet. The *kosteres* had come with a pan of soup for Reinou's evening meal. "Shall I take over now?" she volunteered, but Akke took the soup and said, "No, I can stay. I will help her this evening."

Akke marvelled at how one person could misread another. As she fed Reinou the soup, she realized she was developing a fondness for this woman whom before she had found so aloof. After her meal, Reinou fell asleep. Akke threw another turf in the stove and left. She would be back tomorrow. Reinou had painted the story of her life with broad brush strokes, but Akke knew during the coming days and weeks as she would be looking after her, Reinou would fill in the details. And Reinou's story would live on. For today, it was enough.

Church News

Church press quotes



Rev. Jacob Kuntz

Faith and the media

Nearly 300 delegates (many of them journalists and editors of large newspapers) attended the National Conference on Faith and the Media, held in Ottawa June 7-9. One of the reasons for this conference was that, according to a survey by the Angus Reid Group, many Canadians who attend religious services every week "are dissatisfied with the media's coverage of faith and religion." In their opinion, the media does a poor job of covering faith issues.

In The Catholic Register (June 15) we found the opinion of Toronto's archbishop, Cardinal Aloysius Ambrozic, one of the participants at the conference, who "questioned the attitudes of the 'liberal' mainstream media."

"The media ought to know that their secular mindset and view of the world is not the only one in existence in our world."

"I don't ask the media to agree with us, but that they try to understand us and see things through the eyes of Christian believers. I'm pleading for more than improved accuracy, I'm pleading, in fact, for some kind of empathy."

Also ChristianWeek covered the conference. (The editor and the former editor of CW were among those who organized the conference.) It came to conclusions which both the media and "the people of faith" can take to heart (June 23 issue).

"Religious and faith concerns are receiving better treatment in the mainstream media than they were just a few years ago. Improvement is still needed, and by providing a wealth of data, inspiration and contacts, the faith and media conference will encourage more and better-informed coverage of faith-related issues in secular media."

"However, more specialists are needed if this trend is to continue. Just as good as business or sports writing depends on

journalists who understand the terrain they cover, good faith coverage demands well-informed and well-motivated faith reporters. A broader base of background knowledge and more sensitivity to religious nuance are necessary.

"But traffic on the faith and media beat runs two ways, and people of faith can be doing more to encourage accurate, fair and proportionate coverage of their stories by mainstream journalists. For the long term, faith-interested people should be encouraging young people to train for media careers, to place believing professionals in the ranks of what all-too-many believe is a godforsaken profession. Equipping people of faith to explain the spiritual dimensions of life in a secular setting is a vocation well worth pursuing."

"It is possible to move beyond the stereotypes if we get our roles straight. Humanity needs the media to provide an accurate daily journal of moral conduct. And, as Rabbi Bulka put it, people of faith should not expect media to be the mouthpiece of religion. We have to do that for ourselves."

Please take advantage of our monthly Business Directory. For the low cost of \$25 (plus 7% G.S.T.) you can advertise your business.

Controversy at Anglican synod

Canadian Anglicans held their general synod in Montreal at the end of May. Various controversial issues were debated. One of those issues was the unity of Canada. What does it mean to be part of the Canadian whole?

Delegates were surprised by a dinner speech of Quebec's Minister of Justice. We read in the official report by Diane Paquette (Anglican Journal, July 1998):

"The 's' words were not officially supposed to be part of the discussions on nation and identity during general synod, but it didn't take long for them to come up: the 's' words being separation and sovereignty."

"They were first uttered by Serge Menard, Quebec's Minister of Justice."

"The wide-ranging discussions of nation and identity also heard from a number of prominent Canadians, including Claude Ryan, who called on church leaders to become more active in the unity debate."

"Mr. Menard took delegates by surprise during a dinner speech. Many expected him to deliver a short welcoming address, but he went on for nearly 40 minutes, irritating some delegates by speaking frankly about his belief in sovereignty."

"We do not hate Canada or Canadian," Mr. Menard said. "Our problem is with the Canadian Constitution. Quebecers are like a girl who would like to accept her lover's proposal, but she can't stand his mother.... — the would-be bride would have to deny her own identity to marry him."

"As Mr. Menard expounded his political beliefs, some dele-

gates began ignoring him, choosing instead to talk among themselves, almost drowning him out."

"An angry Archbishop Michael Peers rose at the end of Mr. Menard's speech and said he would not speak until everyone was silent. Recalling the English-only character of the church in Montreal and its privileged position in society 40 years ago, the Primate said he would never choose to return to those days."

"It was a controversial beginning to synod discussions of what it means to be Canadian."

In the July/August issue of the United Church Observer we found a short summary of the Anglican decisions.

"* The bishops (voting against clergy and laity) defeated an 'original rights' package which wanted to prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation (except ordination);"

* Synod approved a move toward 'full communion' with the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada, subject to ratification in 2001;

* Decided it cannot support

euthanasia or assisted suicide, which represent 'a serious failure of human community';

* called on Ottawa to ensure wide-ranging public consultations to protect the environment, the most vulnerable members of society, and the public interest in multilateral trade negotiations;

* preferred the concept of 'sustainable communities,' balancing economic, social and economic factors, over 'sustainable development' — often misused to legitimize unsustainable growth;

* urged Ottawa to prohibit human cloning, including in trade agreements;

* commended Ottawa for opposing U.S. attempts to limit trade with Cuba, and asked it to promote Cuba's entry into the Organization of American States;

* urged Ottawa to push for democratic and civil rights improvements in Kenya and Colombia; and

* offered its support and solidarity to the people of Sudan where more than 1.3 million people are thought to have died in 15 years of civil war."

Fencing the Lord's Table

The recently held general synod of the Canadian Reformed Church had on its agenda a report about their relationship with the Orthodox Presbyterian Church. Already in 1977 they had decided to recognize this church as "a true church."

Two obstacles in this relationship concern the "fencing of the Lord's Table" and "confessional membership."

The following amended "Agreement" was adopted by this synod: and the OPC will be invited to enter "ecclesiastical fellowship" (formerly ecclesiastical "contact") with the Canadian Reformed Churches on the condition that it also adopts this Agreement (see Clarion of June 26):

"1. Concerning Fencing the Lord's Table:

"The churches of the Reformation confess that the Lord's Supper should not be profaned (1 Cor. 11:27, Lord's Day 30, Q&A 82; Westminster Confession ch. 29, 8). This implies that the celebration of the Lord's Supper is to be supervised. In this supervision the Church exercises discipline and manifests itself as a true church. This supervision is to be applied to the members of the local church as well as to guests. This means that a general verbal warning by the officiating minister alone is

not sufficient and that a profession of the Reformed faith and confirmation of a godly life is required. The eldership has a responsibility in supervising the admission to the Lord's Supper."

"2. Concerning Confessional Membership:

"The churches of the Reformation believe that they have to contend for the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints (Jude 3) and are called to watch out for those who cause divisions and put obstacles in your way that are contrary to the teaching you have learned (Rom. 16:17). Anyone who

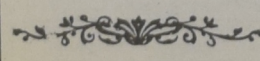
answers the membership vows in the affirmative is bound to receive and adhere to the doctrine of the Bible as the patristic church has summarized this teaching in the Apostles' Creed and the churches of the Reformation have elaborated on this in their confessions. Every confessing member is bound to this doctrine and must be willing to be instructed in it."

Jacob Kuntz is a retired Christian Reformed minister who lives in Brampton, Ont.

Classifieds

Classified Rates	Thank You	Anniversaries												
(Revised February 1, 1995) Births \$25.00 Marriages & Engagements \$40.00 Anniversaries \$45.00 2-column anniversaries . \$90.00 Obituaries \$45.00 Notes of thanks \$35.00 Birthdays \$40.00 All other one-column classified advertisements: \$15.00 per column inch. NOTE: Minimum fee is \$15.00. Letter under file number \$35.00 extra. Photos: \$25.00 additional charge. Note: All rates shown above are GST inclusive ATTENTION! a) <i>Christian Courier</i> reserves the right to print classifieds using our usual format. b) A sheet with information about ar obituary sent by funeral homes is <i>not</i> acceptable since it leads to errors and confusion. c) Photographs sent by fax are <i>not</i> acceptable. If you wish a photo included, send us the original. d) <i>Christian Courier</i> will not be responsible for any errors due to handwritten or phoned-in advertisements. e) The rate shown above for classifieds covers any length up to five column inches. <i>Christian Courier</i> reserves the right to charge for additional column inches at the rate of \$15.00 per column inch (GST incl.). NEWLYWEDS & NEW PARENTS We offer a one-year subscription for only \$25.00 (GST incl.) to the couples whose wedding is announced in the <i>Christian Courier</i> and to the parents of the child whose birth announcement appears in our paper. To facilitate matters, we encourage those who request the wedding or birth announcement to enclose \$25.00 and the couple's correct address. Christian Courier 4-261 Martindale Rd. St. Catharines, ON L2M 1A1 Phone: (905) 682-8311 Fax: (905) 682-8313 E-mail: ccadverts@aol.com	GREVERS: A heartfelt thank you to all who shared in our happiness on the occasion of our Golden wedding anniversary. A special thank you to our children and grandchildren who did so much to make this an unforgettable day. Above all our thanks and praise to our heavenly Father for His love and goodness. Gerrit and Berendina Grevers, 1138 Bennet Terrace, Woodstock, ON N4S 8E8 Births GLASBERGEN: Doug and Lisa (nee Helder) of 9 Stuart St., Caledonia, Ont., thank the Lord for the safe arrival of their daughter BROOKE MICHELLE born Wednesday, July 8, 1998, weighing 9 lbs., 6 oz. Brooke is a new sister for Leanna and Colton. Sixth grandchild for Garry and Helen Glasbergen of Caledonia, third grandchild for Jake and Margaret Helder of Jarvis, Ont., 18th great-grandchild for Maaikje Helder of Townsend, Ont., and fifth great-grandchild for Arie and Hilda Hoogenboom of Jarvis. HUBERTS: With thanks to our Lord for His precious gift, Henry and Brenda (Hesselink) of Cambridge, Ont., are happy to announce the safe arrival of their son, RYAN WILLIAM born on June 24, 1998, at 1:27 a.m., at McMaster Medical Centre, Hamilton, Ont., weighing 10 lbs., 4 oz. Proud first-time grandparents are Bill and Debbie Hesselink of Woodstock, Ont. A seventh grandchild for John and Linda Huberts of Drayton, Ont. Another great-grandchild for Mina Hesselink and Rose Zantinge, both of Palmerston, Ont. Special thanks for the excellent care Brenda and Ryan received from the wonderful staff at the McMaster Medical Centre.	  <i>Congratulations to Peter and Joanne Raakman on their 35th wedding anniversary!</i>												
For Sale How to LOCATE everything you own on Jan. 1, 2000 (or leave it to the computers) Keep your own accurate records in Family Documents In all good bookstores. Softcover \$9.95 Hardcover \$24.95 By mail add \$2.00 S&H to cheque Waterside House Publishing 714 Vine St. St. Catharines ON L2M 6Z6 Tel 905-935-5047 1-800-665-6420	For Rent For rent: Bright, 1-bedr. apartment in Orillia, Ont. Quiet area. Private entrance. Fridge, stove and furn. Near Georgian College. On bus route. No smoking and pets. Board is possible. Christian conduct expected. Please call (705) 326-1019.	<table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 33%; padding: 5px;">Anniversaries</th> <th style="width: 33%; padding: 5px;">Anniversaries</th> <th style="width: 33%; padding: 5px;">Obituaries</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top; padding: 5px;"> IJsselmuiden Brampton 1948 1998 With thanks to God for His love and care, we are pleased to announce the 50th wedding anniversary of our parents and grandparents HENDRIK J. DE ZOETE and WILLEMINA H. DE ZOETE (SCHINKEL) on Aug. 25, 1998. Love and best wishes from your children and grandchildren: Henk & Anna — Hamilton, Ont. Johan, Matthew, Annalise Rick & Shirli — Calgary, Alta. Charlene, Michael, Lisa, Julia Gus — Brampton, Ont. Roy & Evelyn — Brampton, Ont. Jennifer, Daniel, David Mienke & Andy — Barrie, Ont. Leah, Kristopher, Andrew, Derek, Victoria Anita & Tom — Indian Trail, N.C. Erik, Shannalee, Jordan Dolf & Lisa — Stroud, Ont. 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Obituaries	Obituaries	Personal	Job Opportunities
In wisdom beyond our understanding, God took from us a Christian worker and friend JUDITH L. CASSIDY in her 59th year. She gave her last nineteen years as assistant and encourager to Rev. Arie Van Eek, Executive Secretary of the Council of Christian Reformed Churches. She struggled with leukemia for six years and died three weeks after retirement. We, who worked with her, extend our sympathy to husband Don, son Shawn, daughter-in-law Melanie, her brothers and friends. The memorial service was held on July 29, 1998, in Burlington, Ont. Galatians 5:22-26. Her grateful associates — Rev. Arie Van Eek and colleagues at the office of the Christian Reformed Church in Canada.	East Saugatuck Grand Rapids Mich. May 10, 1922 - July 16, 1998 DR. PAUL G. SCHROTENBOER "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord... They will rest from their labors for their deeds will follow them" (Rev. 14:13). On July 16, 1998, the Lord called to glory his servant, Paul, who died at home after a 9-year struggle with two kinds of cancer. Loving husband of Bernice for 52 years. Loving father, grandfather and great-grandfather of: Calvin — San Jose, Calif. Paul, Kristin, Alison Murray & Jane — Columbia, Md. Justin & Jennifer, April & Khalid Al Angary (Jayde), Noel, Becky Jerry Schrottenboer & Karen Lewthwaite — Jackson, Mich. Ron & Mary — Cupertino, Calif. Brad, Tim, Megan He is also survived by seven brothers and sisters with their spouses as well as many nephews and nieces. The funeral service was held in Princeton Chr. Ref. Church in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Monday, July 20, Dr. Henry De Moor officiating. Correspondence address: Bernice Schrottenboer, 1677 Gentian Dr. SE., Grand Rapids, MI 49508	ONE TO ANOTHER Christian companion magazine. Hundreds of readers Canada-wide. Single issue \$5. Write to: #12 923 2nd Ave. S. Lethbridge, AB T1J 0C7	Redeemer Christian High School (Ottawa) is seeking a PRINCIPAL Redeemer Chr. High School, located in Canada's beautiful capital, is seeking a teaching principal for its 120 students in grades 9-OAC, effective August 1999. We are looking for a leader and motivator of people, with experience in a growing Christian high school. Strong relationship-building skills are necessary to nurture a staff of 10 full-time and part-time teachers, and an interdenominational student body. We are looking for someone with a strong vision for the progressive development of the only Christian high school in the Ottawa region. Our one-year-old campus offers tremendous room for expansion of our programs and growth in our student population. Compensation will be based on an administrative factor, a generous benefits and professional development package and a personal retirement savings program. Please send a letter of application by Sept. 30, 1998, along with your resume and a statement of vision of Christian education to: Cora Beking, RCHS Search Committee Chair, R.R. #1, Oxford Station, ON K0G 1T0. Phone: (613) 258-5396. E-mail: beking_jc@msn.com
Leeuwarden, Fr. Quinte West the Neth. Ont. July 25, 1931 - July 19, 1998 "Both in life and death, we are the Lord's" After a life of praising our Lord, JOHANNES "JOHN" DEVRIES at the age of 66, went to be with his Lord and Savior. Loving husband of Sylvia DeVries (Zandstra). Wonderful father of: Annette & Ray Bruneau — Brighton Art & Jackie DeVries — Brighton Rick DeVries — Brighton Cynthia & Duncan White — Cambridge Geraldine DeVries — Brighton Yvonne & Dan Dulmage — Colborne Amazing grandfather of Jonathan, Stephen and Bryan Bruneau. Shawn, Tamara, Dean and Karlye DeVries and Ian White. Predeceased by his son, Gary, in 1966. Funeral service was held on July 22, 1998, at Fellowship Chr. Ref. Church in Brighton, Ont., with Pastor Ray Praamsma officiating. Correspondence address: Sylvia DeVries, R.R. #7, Brighton, ON K0K 1H0		Accommodation Looking for Apartment: Three female students are looking for a space to live for September 1998 through April 1999, preferably furnished, in St. Catharines area. Call Carolyn DeJong (905) 349-3028 or Tracy Vanginhoven (905) 263-8221.	DIRECTOR OF MINISTRIES First Christian Reformed Church of Thunder Bay, Ont., is inviting applications for a Director of Ministries with the main emphasis on Youth and Evangelism. The successful candidate must be committed to the Reformed faith, biblical inerrancy, 6-day creation, male headship and covenantal theology. Please send your resume to: Search Committee, c/o Mrs. Faye Dykstra, 2570 Veradale St., Thunder Bay, ON, P7K 1B7. For more information call Mr. Allan Streutker at (807) 939-1691.
	Teachers MERVILLE, B.C.: Comox Valley Chr. School requires two BCCT certified teachers. French teacher needed for Grades 4-9. Rest of 0.4-0.6 load is negotiable and could include English 8/9, Science 8/9, Social Studies 8/9, Drama 8 or Art 8. 0.4 teacher for Math 8-9, Computers 7-9. Send or fax resume to: Comox Valley Christian School, Box 425, Merville, BC V0R 2M0, Fax: (250) 337-5632.	Room & Board Room and board for non-smoking female, north west Toronto, Ont., close to Humber College. Reduced rent for household help. Please call (416) 741-6808.	Christian Courier is seeking a full-time Promotions & Marketing Director who will focus on: • generating advertising • raising subscriptions • developing a donor base. The successful applicant will have: • a commitment to Christian journalism • fine organizational ability • excellent communication skills • computer literacy • energy and enthusiasm • the ability to be a team player, yet able to work independently. Salary commensurate with experience. Applications will be accepted until the position is filled. Fax your letter of application, resume and two references to (905) 682-8313, attention: Bert Witvoet, Editor.
Employment Wanted: A lady for companionship and light housekeeping duties by retired farmer. Modern 3-bedr. home in town of Duncan, Vancouver Island, B.C. 1 block from Chr. Ref. Church. \$500 per month. Please call (250) 746-5402.	OAKVILLE, Ont.: Oakville Chr. School requires a Grade 8 teacher for Sept. 1998. Teaching experience in Language Arts and Drama is preferred. Please send a letter of application and resume to: The Principal Oakville Christian School 112 Third Line Oakville, ON L6L 3Z6	For Rent Students, are you planning to study in London, Ont., next year (University of Western Ontario or Fanshawe College) and needing a place to stay? We offer housing that is close to both institutions and would welcome inquiries. Please feel free to contact us by phone: (519) 660-0922 evenings, (519) 672-9217 days, fax: (519) 672-3140 or e-mail: talesma@skyia.com For rent in quiet Christian home in Dundas-area, bachelor apartment, furnished if you like. 18 km to McMaster. No smoking. Rent \$395, hydro and heat incl. Phone (905) 659-7075.	
		Please take advantage of our monthly Business Directory. For the low cost of \$25 you can advertise your business. (Please add 7% GST).	

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Job Opportunities



invites applications for a part-time **Executive Secretary** for the 1998-1999 school year. The ideal candidate will be a person with strong secretarial and administrative experience. He or she is also familiar with the management of the OACSS-member schools. OCSAA requires this person to attend up to 15 meetings per year in the Greater Hamilton area and then to administer secretarial and administrative tasks for up to an additional 35 days per year.

Persons interested in this position should contact **Mr. J. de Jager, OCSAA Secretary** at (905) 643-2460 or 643-2121 in order to receive additional information. Applications will be received until **Sept. 15, 1998**.

If you are looking for an exciting position in Christian education, are a self-motivated individual and appreciate working for school principals, then this position may be for you!

Job Opportunities

The Board of Seaway Ministry of Classes Eastern Canada and Quinte invites applicants for a

CHAPLAIN TO SEAFARERS

position in **Montreal harbor**. Must have a heart for evangelism and gifts in cross-cultural ministry. Facility with languages a plus. Responsibilities include presenting the gospel to seafarers, through visiting ships, engaging in spiritual conversation at the Centre, leading in public worship and devotions, and promoting the ministry among the churches. Chaplain must work well with staff and volunteers. Ordination and ministry experience are assets. **Contact Rev. Charles Kooger, P.O. Box 520, Frankford, ON K0K 2C0, (613) 398-7681 or ckooger@reach.net by Aug. 31, 1998.**

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Sponsored by Voortman Cookies
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Starting Date: A.S.A.P.

Salary: \$45,887 - \$51,917 (current grid).
Depending on experience and qualifications.

Responsibilities:

- * Planning, organizing, implementation, control and evaluation of the care program of tenants of Trinity, Hope, Covenant and Providence Towers.
- * Will include supervision and direction of care staff
- * Policy and procedure development, ongoing development, staffing and budgeting.

Qualifications:

- * Must be a Registered Nurse
- * Have supervisory experience
- * Additional nursing degrees or certificate/diploma in administration would be an asset
- * Knowledge of current concepts in gerontological nursing is essential.

Apply by fax to:
John Kalverda
Executive Director
Holland Christian Homes Inc.
Brampton, ON
Fax: (905) 459-8667

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Rehoboth Christian Reformed Church of Bowmanville, Ont., Canada, is presently searching for an experienced pastor and gifted speaker who can proclaim the word of God with enthusiasm and appeal to a large, established, caring congregation as well as to many prospective new Christians in a rapidly growing suburban neighborhood. We are committed to outreach but require experienced leadership to motivate and equip our members for action. Our church profile is available upon request. Send your resume to:

George Kollaard, Chair, Rehoboth Search Committee,
1909 Nash Road, Bowmanville, ON L1C 3K4

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AUGUST 7, 1998

Classifieds

Job Opportunities

Brampton Second Chr. Ref. Church seeks a
Part-time Pastoral Care Worker
 for the congregation, ordained or un-ordained. If
 interested in the complete job description, please write
 to the Clerk of Council, **Mr. Jim Visser**, at
3 Trotters Lane, Brampton, ON L6Y1B5.

Events

Retirement

Rev. Aren P. Geisterfer

The McMaster University Campus Chaplaincy Committee invites friends and supporters to a **Retirement Open House** for **Rev. Aren P. Geisterfer** in celebration of his faithful service in ministry and to wish him farewell as he moves to Quebec in September. Join us for an informal evening at **Immanuel Chr. Ref. Church, Hamilton, Ont.**, on **Friday, Aug. 28, 1998**, anytime between 7 and 10 p.m. (Immanuel is located at the corner of Mohawk Road and West 5th St., on the Hamilton Mountain). **Info.: (905) 526-7519.**

Miscellaneous

Evangelistic Materials in Arabic

Also, in English,
The Bible and Islam
\$5.95 Canada/\$4.95 U.S. and a folder of essays on Understanding the Middle East (\$1.50).
 Write:
The Back to God Hour
P.O. Box 5070
Burlington, ON L7R 3Y8



The Living Word

Sermons for reading services.

Contact:
R. Vander Ploeg Sec/Treas.
37 Brick Pond Lane
Woodstock, ON N4V 1G1
Phone: (519) 539-2117

Events

Christian Festival Concert

Roy Thomson Hall

Friday, November 6

by the Ontario Christian Music Assembly
 and guests **Lisette Emmink**, soprano,
Sander van Marion and **Andre Knevel**, organ and piano,
under the direction of
Leendert Kooij
 Tickets: \$24/\$20/\$14
 Order from: Ontario Christian Music Assembly
 90 Topcliff Ave., Downsview, ON M3N 1L8
 Call (416) 636-9779 for tickets or info.

Miscellaneous



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Calendar of Events

Please submit only brief items. Placement is subject to space availability. Lengthy, multiple-event announcements will be rejected. We reserve the right to edit the material and to charge a nominal, per issue fee per item inserted.

- Aug. 7-10** ICS Ontario Summer Conference, featuring Dr. Bob Goudzwaard on the theme: "Proclaim Jubilee: A New Beginning." At the Maple Grove Christian Retreat Centre, **Thamesford, Ont.** Info.: (416) 979-2331 or e-mail: ics@icscanada.edu
- Aug. 10 & 17** VISION TV reprises the two-part special: "Gerald Vandezande: A Voice of Faith in the Public Square," on August 10 and 17, at 10:30 p.m. (ET/PT).
- Aug. 20** Seniors Day, 10 a.m., Lakewood Christian Campground, **Forest, Ont.** Bring your lunch and lawnchair. Refreshments will be served. Enjoy the program!
- Aug. 23** Dutch worship service led by Rev. Jerry Hoytema, 3 p.m., CRC, 70 Hwy. 53 E., **Ancaster, Ont.**
- Aug. 28** Retirement open house for Rev. Aren P. Geisterfer, 7-10 p.m., Immanuel CRC (corner Mohawk Rd. & West 5th St.), **Hamilton, Ont.** Sponsored by the McMaster Campus Chaplaincy Committee. Info.: (905) 526-7519. (#)
- to Sept. 11** A major 15-yr. retrospective art exhibition by George Langbroek. At the Rodman Hall Arts Centre, 109 St. Paul Cr., **St. Catharines, Ont.** Info.: (905) 684-2925.
- Sept. 24-26** CLAC/WRF-sponsored conference exploring christian perspectives on shaping the workplace. At the Holiday Inn, **Burlington, Ont.** Plenary speakers: Don Posterski, Harry Antonides, Lee Hardy, Elwin Beukes and Marc Bacon. Free public presentation with Dr. John Bolt on Frid., Sept. 25, on: "Greed, Goodness, and God - Hope for Canada's Bottom Line." Info.: (905) 670-7386 or visit web page: www.interlog.com/~wrf/cwuf.htm
- Sept. 26** Toronto District Chr. High School's 35th Anniversary Celebration Dinner! All friends of TDCH are invited to attend this event at TDCH, **Woodbridge, Ont.** Tickets \$35. Info.: (905) 851-1772.
- Oct. 4** Dutch worship service led by Rev. Jacob Kuntz, 3 p.m., CRC, 70 Hwy. 53 E., **Ancaster, Ont.**
- Oct. 11** First CRC, **Owen Sound, Ont.** celebrates its 50th anniversary! Variety program on Friday. Homecoming tea/dinner on Saturday. Special service on Sunday. Info.: Linda DeBoer at (519) 371-8192. (#)
- Oct. 17** "A Day of Encouragement and Training" (for deacons, elders and other caregivers) at Hamilton District Chr. High School, **Ancaster, Ont.** Theme: "Follow the Way of Love!" Featuring 54 workshops, including special sessions for elders and caregivers. Also six workshops geared especially towards persons with a disability and their caregivers. Cost \$40. Contact your deacons for a registration form, or call Diaconal Ministries at (905) 646-4511. (#)
- Nov. 6** Christian Festival Concert by the choirs and brass of the O.C.M.A., Leendert Kooij, director. Guest artists: Andre Knevel, Sander van Marion, Lisette Emmink, the Kooij sisters, and the Concert Band "Euphonia." At 8 p.m., Roy Thomson Hall, **Toronto, Ont.** Info./tickets: (416) 636-9779. (#)
- Nov. 15** Dutch worship service led by Rev. John Klomps, 3 p.m., CRC, 70 Hwy. 53 E., **Ancaster, Ont.**
- Nov. 27** Ebenezer CRC, **Jarvis, Ont.** will be celebrating 50 years of service to our God at 6:30 p.m. at the Community Centre, **Port Dover, Ont.** All former and present members are invited to attend. Info.: (519) 587-5069.

News

Wayside chapels reach out to travelers

Alan Doerksen

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont. — If you ever drive along the Niagara Parkway just outside of Niagara Falls, Ont., you will see a tiny "wayside chapel" that is run by that city's Rehoboth Christian Reformed Church. Such "chapels" are now rare. They were popular means of outreach 20 or 30 years ago, but now only a few Christian Reformed congregations operate such chapels. Clara and Bert Vander Meer, a retired couple who are members of Rehoboth CRC, have been taking care of the Niagara Falls chapel since 1974. Clara Vander Meer explains that the chapel was built by her church in 1965, with help from two Christian Reformed congregations in St. Catharines, Ont. Now, Rehoboth runs the chapel by itself. It stands on the property of Bill Andres, a Mennonite.

Vander Meer sees the chapel as an effective means of outreach. Twice a week, she and her husband restock the chapel with Christian literature, mostly tracts from The Bible League. Much literature is picked up, especially in summer, she says.

Mini-weddings

The chapel also has a guest book, in which people often write comments on how much they appreciate the chapel.

Despite the chapel's small size, some people think it's a picturesque place for a wedding ceremony, reports Vander Meer. Most people who get married there are people who would otherwise be married by a justice of the peace or who want a simple, non-denominational wedding. A minister not connected with Rehoboth church performs the weddings, she says. He often gives Bibles to marrying couples.

It is hard for the Vander Meers to see results from the chapel's low-key outreach other than through reading comments in the guest book. "We don't know what happens," says Clara Vander Meer. "It's up to the Lord."

Some people leave monetary donations at the chapel, which go to evangelism. However, others apparently don't feel so charitable — sometimes the chapel is vandalized. "Two years ago, it was really bad," asserts Vander Meer. "Windows were broken." But she, her husband and five retired men from their church, faithfully take care of the chapel and its grounds.

Vander Meer says she hasn't



The wayside chapel run by Corsica Christian Reformed Church, in South Dakota.

seen any other similar chapels. There used to be one near Hamilton, but it closed down several years ago, she notes.

One other operating wayside chapel is next to a highway just outside of Corsica, South Dakota. Like the Niagara Falls chapel, it has a quaint exterior, a few pews, and offers Christian literature for guests to pick up.

In the chapel is a message welcoming visitors with this message: "We invite you to

pause, rest and worship God.... It is our wish that in the midst of a busy day and a busy life, that you may find here a few moments of quiet and meditation." The chapel also offers directions to nearby Corsica CRC.

Dirk Hart, team leader for established church development for the Christian Reformed Home Missions office in Grand Rapids, Mich., says that several Christian Reformed churches opened wayside chapels in the 1960s and '70s. They were seen as a low-key "presence" form of outreach. One root of the chapels was Key '73, a nationwide outreach of many denominations that started in 1973. "In our

denomination, it was an evangelism thrust" that resulted in construction of some wayside chapels, says Hart. But he asserts, "That form of outreach has fallen by the wayside" (so to speak). Hart continues, "I think there are better methods of outreach today." Some modern forms of outreach "integrate word and deed better." Whereas wayside chapels are "an example of arm's-length evangelism."

Business sold by Christians to avoid Sunday opening

Alan Doerksen

BURLINGTON, Ont. — For some Christians, working and shopping on Sunday is not a problem. But Peter Van Hartingsveldt, of Burlington, Ont., takes seriously the biblical command to keep the Sabbath day holy. Because of that, he will be closing down his store this fall.

Recently, Van Hartingsveldt, manager of the furniture store Designhaus, came to an agreement with owners Jerry and Janine Lock to sell the business. In fall, the store will shut down.

"Today, a good portion of the business is being done on Sundays, and I'm not prepared to do this on Sundays," insists Van Hartingsveldt. "In the long term, in order to survive in the market, I must grow.... To give investors a return on their money, you need to pull out all the stops."

Facing tough competition

What this means is that to stay in business and prosper, a business needs to stay open on Sundays and evenings, or risk losing its share of the market to

competitors. Independent stores such as Designhaus also face tough competition from large chain stores, Van Hartingsveldt notes.

"My key employees are all in agreement," he says. "They won't work on a Sunday, either."

Several years ago, a precedent was set in Burlington which led to the Sunday opening problem. At that time, the city agreed to allow certain businesses to open on Wednesday evenings, which hadn't been possible before. What this meant for Designhaus employees was less time to spend with family and more working hours in order to stay competitive. "Now we're open five nights a week," says Van Hartingsveldt.

Then two years ago, Burlington businesses were allowed to remain open on holidays. Now, local laws allow businesses to stay open 365 days a year, 24 hours a day if they wish, says Van Hartingsveldt. "The slippery slope applies to business, church and every part of life," he observes.

"We're no longer a Christian society; we're a pagan society ... driven by a consumer who doesn't know how to have a quiet day with the family anymore," insists Van Hartingsveldt. "The only way for this to be reversed is for people to humble themselves — and to call on their politicians."

Van Hartingsveldt also urges Christians to patronize businesses run by fellow Christians, something he says is not done enough. "The Christian community could do a lot more to support Christians in business. I know many Christian business[people] who struggle with that same issue."

He adds that many Christians work and shop on Sundays, and admits it is hard to keep a business's doors shut and watch customers go down the street to a competitor. "For a Christian to be a retailer will be extremely difficult in the future," he contends.

Van Hartingsveldt is not sure what type of work he'll do next. "I'll wait upon the Lord. Where

he directs I will go," he says.

Van Hartingsveldt, his wife and five children attend the Independent Christian Reformed Church in Ancaster, Ont.

Erosion of family life

In late June, the *Burlington News* published an editorial dealing with Designhaus and the issue of Sunday shopping. Commenting on the reasons for the store closing, the editors wrote: "Such decisions are to be admired and respected. Each family must work hard to find the time for their day of rest. There does need to be one.... As many warned, the loss of a common day would contribute to the erosion of family life. No question that it has...."

But the editors also insist: "There's no going back. It is not only a seven-day-a-week world in Ontario now, it is a 24-hour-a-day, 365-day-a-year world.... The Retail Council of Canada now reports Sundays are the second busiest retail day of the week, with Saturday still number one."

News Digest

Still time to repent...

MUSKOGEE, Okla. (EP) — "Diamond" Dayne Henry is welcome in St. Joseph Catholic Cemetery but his tombstone is not. The one-ton, five-foot marker was removed from Henry's burial plot July 13 because the parish priest strongly objected to the stone's engraving: tumbling dice, a royal flush poker hand, and silhouettes of naked women. The stone reads, "This is the only game I didn't win. I did it my way."

Henry plans a court battle to have the stone returned. He's not dead; he fled to Brazil after pleading guilty to tax evasion and racketeering charges in 1988. A judge refused to grant an injunction to prevent the stone's removal, ruling that the cemetery is church property and subject to church rules.

Check your dictionary

OSHAWA, Ont. — A man stole a charity collection box from an Oshawa beer store and returned the next day to buy a 12-pack with all coins, police say. The theft of the Canadian National Institute of the Blind box was caught on the security cameras of the store. When the man returned on the third day in a row, wearing the same clothes, staff recognized and followed him, and called the police, reports the *Toronto Star*.

One angry store employee commented, "He steals from the blind, and then uses the money to buy beer. This has got to be the guy whose picture appears in the dictionary beside the word jerk!"

Paper car unwrapped

DUBLIN — A Dublin man drove a second-hand car for weeks before realizing the chassis was held together by tightly folded newspapers. But he won 2,000 Irish pounds after suing the dealer he bought it from, reports *Reuters*. The salesman denied using the papers, which were disguised with a resin filler to camouflage parts of the car that had rusted out. But the court heard the repairs dated from when the salesman owned the car. A car expert told the court that had the paper fix come apart while the car was traveling more than 59 km-h, the consequences could have been fatal.